PRICE 10 CENTS

21 JULY, 1894

The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

NEW·SERIES·OF
THE CHRISTIAN·UNION

EDITORIAL:

The Week..... 85-88
- Judge Grosscup's Charge
- Mr. Pullman's Statement
- Moral Responsibility for the Strike
- Congressional Matters
- The Treasury Report
- Dr. Parkhurst's Letter

The Strike: Suggestions of Remedy 89
Paul Heyse..... 90
Work that Nourishes..... 91

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

A Talk with Paul Heyse..... 92
By the Countess von Krockow
Christian Converts in India..... 93
By the Rev. J. M. Thoburn, D.D.
A Visit to the Monastery of Certosa 94
By Katharine M. Bott
A Vagrom Mother..... 96
By Katharine Tynan Hinkson
The Wet-Blanket Family..... 97
By the Rev. Uriah Xerxes Battles, D.D.
Wellesley College..... 99
By Marion Pelton Guild
Our Circus..... 101
By Grace L. Collin
Folk-Stories in the South Seas... 102
By Martha Burr Banks

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:

The Life of Christ—VI..... 65
By Lyman Abbott
The Chautauqua Assembly..... 108
Institute of Christian Philosophy 108
Christian Endeavor Convention... 109

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Recent Verse—II..... 106
Bogland Studies (Miss Barlow)... 107
Literary Notes, etc., etc..... 107

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTES AND QUERIES

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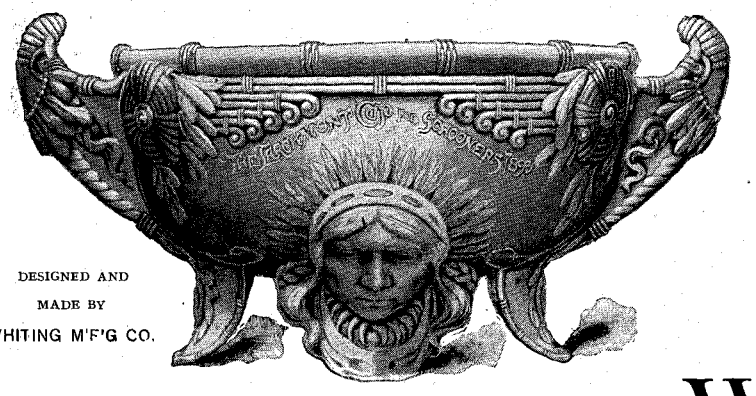

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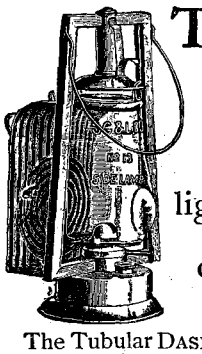

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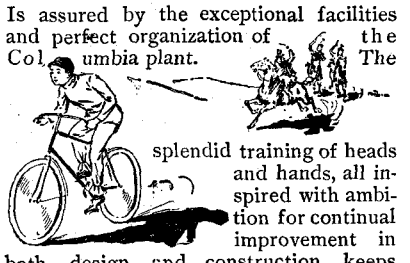

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 50 For Week ending 21 July, 1894 Number 3

WE make room this week for the publication, entire, of Judge Grosscup's charge to the Grand Jury in Chicago, under which indictments have been found against the President and Vice-President of the American Railway Union and others engaged in the recent strike. This charge is entirely free from legal technicalities. The intelligent lay reader will apprehend its fundamental principles as readily as the expert lawyer, and it seems to us an admirable judicial statement of moral as well as legal principles which every American citizen should understand. Judge Grosscup defines the duty of the United States to transmit the mails and to regulate inter-State commerce, and its consequent duty to protect both the mails and inter-State commerce from all unlawful obstruction and interference. He recognizes the right of labor to organize, and of the organization to employ an agent who shall act for the laborers so organized, provided the action is subject to the same laws which extend over all other associations. He recognizes the right of employees to quit their employment either individually or in concert and under the direction of a leader, provided the action of the leader is in good faith in the execution of the authority reposed in him by the laborers, and is unaccompanied with threats of intimidation or violence to prevent others from taking their places. If the combination to quit work is accompanied with such intimidation of others, or if the action of the leader of the labor organization is without authority, or is for the purpose of advancing personal ambition or satisfying private malice, in either case the reasonable and legal limits are transgressed, the law is violated, and a crime has been committed. A serious danger, now that the strike is over, is that the law will be stretched, if not violated, in popular passion against the strikers. If the American press and the American people will maintain the same equable and judicial temper which Judge Grosscup has shown in this charge, we shall be saved from that danger. It is a great deal better that the officers of the American Railway Union should be acquitted of crime, despite the injury they have inflicted upon American commerce, than that they should be convicted by stretching the law for the purpose of securing a conviction.

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Shortly after the delivery of Judge Grosscup's charge, the case of President Debs and three other officers of the American Railway Union was presented to the Grand Jury. In less than forty minutes, upon the evidence of telegrams which the Court ordered the Western Union Company to give up, the jury had agreed upon an indictment. The nature of the telegrams has not been disclosed to the public. The fact that the strike was not ordered until the delegates of four hundred local unions had unanimously approved of it indicates that the officials were not indicted for having exceeded the powers given them by their subordinates. The use of incendiary language seems the most probable ground for the jury's quick verdict. The bail for Mr. Debs was fixed at $10,000, which was promptly offered. The trial was deferred until October. On the same day Grand Master Workman Sovereign issued his appeal to the Knights of Labor to stop work until the present trouble was settled. This appeal, barring its exaggerated rhetoric, was the best apology for the strike that has appeared. The Pullman Company, it said, not only refused to arbitrate the differences between itself and its employees, but "refused to join the business men and Board of Aldermen of Chicago in a committee to discuss the question as to whether there is anything to arbitrate or not." Had positions been reversed, it declared, and organized labor rejected a proposition to arbitrate or even discuss the matter, "a wave of popular indignation would obliterate every labor organization from the face of this country." It pointed to the continued dividends on the Pullman stock [$2,800,000 a year] as evidence that the Company's claims were untenable, and urged all laborers to unite in making the strike a success, in order that the position of labor might not be further reduced. Had Grand Master Workman Sovereign been urging all organized workmen to continue working in order that with their wages they might help the Pullman strikers, the appeal would have commended itself to the judgment of the disinterested classes. But since he called upon organized workmen everywhere to stop work, to the injury of themselves and of employers having no power whatever over affairs at Pullman, the appeal failed to commend itself to the judgment of his own followers.

❀

At Chicago, it is true, about twenty thousand workmen of different trades stopped work, carrying out the threat made at the trades conference on the preceding Sunday. But even at Chicago, in most trades, the sympathetic strike was first postponed and then abandoned. Mr. Sovereign said very truly, in explanation of the failure of his "appeal," that only the Executive Board could order a strike, and that the Executive Board had not met. The appeal, he claimed, was simply to prepare the way for orders to such local unions as could by striking help the American Railway Union. If such orders have followed, their effect, in the East at least, has been nil. The decision of the American Federation of Labor on Friday not to join in the sympathetic strike probably gave a quietus to this movement. Indeed, this decision would have put an end to the strike everywhere had the railway managers accepted the request of the officers of the Railway Union and the Knights to reinstate all old employees not accused of resorting to violence. The railway managers, however, returned this proposition without answer to the Chicago city officials who had submitted it. The strike, therefore, still drags along, but few of the railroads except the North-

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ern Pacific seem to be seriously "tied up." In California the ditching of a train containing the Federal troops turned against the strikers much of the public sentiment which at first was so violently in their favor. In this case the outrage, which resulted in the killing of two men, was traced with much directness to certain strikers. At Chicago the final effort to secure arbitration, made by Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, with the more or less cordial support of the Mayors of fifty other cities, failed as its predecessors had failed. The Vice-President of the Pullman Company almost curtly maintained that the strike was a private affair.

❀

Mr. George M. Pullman, however, has made another public statement respecting the action of his Company, in which he explicitly denies some charges of oppression which have been brought against that corporation, and officially explains its action in other respects. His statement is, in brief, that the business of manufacturing cars was being conducted at a loss; that the work was taken for the purpose of keeping the large force of men employed, and avoiding the numberless embarrassments to all classes of people at Pullman and vicinity involved in closing the works; that the men demanded a larger rate of wages, refused the offer of the Company to inspect the books and contracts on hand, and abandoned their work—whereupon the shops were closed. It was then proposed that the question thus at issue between the Pullman Company and its employees should be submitted to arbitration. We agree with Mr. Pullman that on this state of facts there was nothing to arbitrate, and this for two reasons: (1) The proposal for arbitration should precede, not follow, a strike; (2) As a basis for arbitration there must be some recognizable demand to be submitted to the arbitrators. It may be that the Pullman Company was morally bound to pay higher wages than it was paying, and to continue the employment of its men even at a loss; but the men had no right, morally or legally, to demand such employment. If A claims that B owes him $50, the claim may be submitted to arbitration; but if A asks B to lend him $50, and B declines, that is not a question that can be submitted to arbitration, even though the circumstances are such that Christian good will would call upon B to grant the loan. It is difficult to conceive how a private employer can be coerced into giving employment against his will, any more than an employee can be coerced into rendering service against his will; but the reader will please observe the emphasis which we attach in this sentence to the word private.

❀

This does not, however, settle the moral responsibility of the Pullman Company for the recent industrial disturbance. Mr. Pullman's statement leaves some vital facts out of consideration, and so leaves the public ignorant respecting them. Are there one, or two, or three corporations? Does one and the same organization, or do practically the same men under different organizations, constitute the Pullman Palace-Car Company which operates Pullman cars, and the Pullman Manufacturing Company which manufactures cars, and the Pullman Landlord Company which owns and rents the homes in which the workingmen live who are making the cars? If the latter be the case, it will be very difficult for Mr. Pullman to persuade the public that he and his associates were acting otherwise than in a wholly selfish way in reducing the wages of their men 25 per cent. and upwards, while keeping the rents of their men unreduced, and declaring a quarterly dividend on their stock of 2 per cent. When such journals as The Outlook have urged profit-sharing upon capitalists, they have been met with the sneer, Do the workingmen propose to share the losses? If the Pullman Company is one corporation, either in form or in fact, and it is true that it reduced wages without reducing either rents or dividends, it would appear that the Pullman Company imposed the losses of a hard season on its workingmen without taking its fair proportion of them itself. We repeat that this does not, under existing conditions, give the employees a right to demand arbitration; still less does it give sympathizing workingmen a right to inflict universal distress on the community because arbitration is not granted. But it does subject the corporation which inflicts the losses of hard times on its workingmen, and takes the profits of good times for itself, to public obloquy. Some further statement than any which has yet been issued from the Pullman Car Company will be required to relieve it from that obloquy.

❀

Both houses of Congress have passed the bill to make Utah a State. The fact that the population of this Territory was over two hundred thousand in 1890, and is rapidly increasing by the inflow of non-Mormon elements, made Statehood inevitable in the near future. Its admission by the present Congress was in no sense a piece of party strategy, though it may be that neither party antagonized admission because such antagonism would injure its own prospects when Statehood was conferred. Within a few years the fear of a State tolerating polygamy has died out. Not only has the Mormon Church officially abandoned the doctrine of polygamy, but—what is more important—the younger generation of Mormons had in practice repudiated it long before this official action was taken. Polygamy is impossible except where women are held and hold themselves in low esteem. American education, and especially the American spirit predominant in the far West, are therefore fatal to it. With "equal rights" for women written in the law of Colorado and Wyoming, and in the platforms of the Republicans of California and the Populists of nearly every neighboring State, it is not likely that Utah can revert to the degrading subjection of women involved in the practice of polygamy. That this practice is not now at all general in the Territory is brought out clearly by the fact that, according to the census of 1890, the number of males in the State was 110,000, while the number of females was but 97,000. Until there is a considerable immigration of Eastern women, a good many men in Utah will not get as far as monogamy.

❀

The House of Representatives, by a majority of three to one, has passed a bill permitting States to tax National bank notes and Treasury notes in the same way that they tax other kinds of money. Such a bill once passed the Senate, and if the present measure is acted upon in the upper house it is pretty certain to become a law. The reason that such an act is necessary is that the courts have rightly held that securities issued by the National Government cannot be taxed by the States without the consent of the National Government. When these bank notes and Treasury notes were issued, no gold or silver was in circulation, and State taxes upon the notes might have interfered with their value to the National Government. At the present time, however, coin, bank notes, Treasury notes, gold certificates, and silver certificates all circulate together, and are equally valuable to their possessors. There is no reason why they should not be equally taxed. The especial reason for the popularity of the proposed enactment, however, is that the present exemption greatly

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facilitates tax evasions. Bankers convert their reserves into greenbacks in order to avoid taxation, while depositors year after year engage large sums of greenbacks just before making their tax returns. Upon this point Mr. Cooper, of Indiana, who introduced the bill, quoted the following pertinent passage from last year's report of the Tax Commission of his State: "It is notorious," said the Commission, "that the amount of money claimed to be exempt as greenbacks is enormously in excess of the entire greenback circulation. . . . In justice to all taxpayers, no class of property receiving the protection of the Government should escape taxation, and particularly none should escape taxation on account of technicalities or inadequacies of legal provisions." While we concede that many of the State laws taxing money are mistaken attempts to tax it in the hands of both borrower and lender, nevertheless it seems clear that this occasional injustice should be remedied by the modification of the laws, and not by the preservation of technicalities facilitating their evasion.

❀

Mr. Hoar has proposed an amendment to the House bill, providing that $60,000 shall be appropriated for the production and test of a ten-inch wire-wound rifle specially available for the navy; the Secretary to appoint a committee of officers to make the awards, the exclusive right to the use of the invention to be the Department's. In this connection it is not without interest to refer to the reports of the Office of Naval Intelligence so late as in 1892, in which it was said that as yet no wire-wound guns of large caliber had been introduced into service, and it was considered doubtful if they would be. Their lightness, it was declared, would bring dangerous strains on the mount, and the thinness of their walls would render them very vulnerable to small-caliber rapid-fire and machine-gun projectiles. Last year, however, wire-wound guns, ten, twelve, and thirteen-inch, were being constructed at Woolwich for the British navy, and the chambers of all were made for the use of cordite. In American tests of these guns, the extraordinary energy and velocity attained by the Brown segmental wire gun at Sandy Hook will be remembered. It is said that this instrument can withstand an interior pressure of over 63,000 pounds to the square inch. Senator Morrill's amendment is no less interesting and more important. It provides that henceforth the Superintendent of the Naval Observatory shall be a civilian, learned in astronomy, and appointed by the President; that this Superintendent shall reorganize the whole Observatory establishment, at a total annual expense of not over $50,000. If this amendment goes through—and there are many reasons why it should—it will be a blow to officers of the line, though the Observatory would still remain in the general charge of the Navy Department. Other amendments are proposed: one by Mr. McPherson, to authorize the building of a dozen torpedo-boats instead of the smaller number provided for; and one by Mr. Higgins, who sensibly proposes that the retired list be kept down, in the interest of the older officers, who, if once on that list, are sometimes crowded out for good by the rush for vacancies. To this end this amendment provides that any officer not over sixty-two years old, and retired for a possibly curative disability, shall, every six months, be entitled to a medical examination which shall prove whether or not he can return to active service. If the examination prove favorable, then, according to his commission, he shall fill the next vacancy on the active list.

❀

We direct attention to the following appeal to Christian men and women to call upon their representatives to secure immediate action upon the Senate bill against lotteries. This appeal has been sent to religious papers in all parts of the country, in the belief that co-operation at this juncture means success. The letters that have been sent in during the past few weeks have already had their effect, and the temporary Chairman of the Judiciary Committee promises favorable action. But further delay or amendment is certain unless Congressmen everywhere know that some of their constituents are concerned about the matter. The delay already has been needlessly prolonged. The bill was conservatively drawn, was unanimously recommended by the Judiciary Committee in the Senate, was further modified to meet the objections of ultra-conservatives in that body, and finally passed without a dissenting vote. The friends of the measure are not asking for a better bill, but simply for immediate action on the bill that passed the Senate. Such action ought to be taken at once, and will be if the constituencies will appeal. We again ask each of our readers to do his or her part. The appeal is as follows:

Boston, July 13, 1894.

Fellow-Countrymen:

The Anti-Lottery Bill, having passed the National Senate, is now awaiting the action of the House. It is in the hands of a sub-committee of the Committee on the Judiciary. It has been there for weeks without action upon it. The cause is apathy on the part of the committee and members of the House, rather than hostility. They are your representatives. If they are apathetic, it is because you are inactive. With you largely rests the fate of this bill. Take the responsibility to your thought and the duty to your heart as though the issue of this effort for National righteousness depended wholly on the part you take in it. Let no excuse for inaction satisfy you save that you are so busy doing your Master's work that, out of all the strength and time he gives you, none can be found to be given to the removal of the great lottery evil.

What can you do? By letter to your Congressman aid him to truly represent you in Congress; or by letter to the sub-committee urge early and favorable action on the bill; or by petition, signed by as many of your townsmen as you can reach, press your own and their convictions upon the attention of Congress.

Yours faithfully,

E. Benjamin Andrews.
George Alexander.
James M. King.
Lyman Abbott.

The members of the sub-committee are: Joseph W. Bailey, Chairman; Isaac H. Goodnight, and W. A. Stone.

❀

The fiscal year's Treasury report is of more than ordinary interest, as the past twelvemonth has been of far more than ordinary moment in the financial world, embarrassing governments and individuals alike. The debt of the United States now amounts to nearly $900,000,000—an increase of about $60,000,000 as against the corresponding date last year, and, since 1865, the first increase in the net debt. The $50,000,000 issue of bonds last February will not be forgotten. Nearly two-thirds of our debt is in interest-bearing bonds. The Treasury's net gold stands at almost $65,000,000—a recovery of nearly $3,000,000 from last month, when the Department's stock of metal touched the lowest point since the resumption of specie payments, but a decrease of over $30,000,000 compared with the beginning of the fiscal year. Net silver in the Treasury is now about $51,000,000—an increase of $26,000,000 from a year ago. The net cash balance is over $52,000,000—an increase of $25,000,000. Government receipts were about $297,000,000, the smallest since 1879, and show a falling off of almost $89,000,000, the greater part of this ($71,000,000) being in the customs revenue. These figures are significant of the conditions under which we have been trying to live. The year's expenditures were over $366,000,000. Though $17,000,000 has been saved from the previous year's expenses by the result of

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the twelvemonth's economy, the total is still about $100,000,000 larger than for that year. This economy, as well as the extravagance of recent years, is almost wholly due to pension payments. The excess of expenditures over receipts for the year just ended is thus close upon $70,000,000. A like amount represents the net increase of all kinds of money in circulation, the per capita circulation now standing at the rate of $24.33—46 cents more than on July 1, 1893. The total amount of money in circulation in the United States is $1,661,000,000; of which gold (coin and certificates) represents $564,000,000, and silver (coin, certificates, and Treasury notes) $571,000,000, the rest being made up of United States notes, currency certificates, and National bank notes.

❀

Yachtsmen have been somewhat puzzled over the seven successive defeats of the Vigilant by the Prince of Wales' Britannia, a marked contrast to our boat's successive triumphs over the Valkyrie at Sandy Hook last autumn. The drifting-matches which our English cousins like to talk about as characteristic of American contests seem to obtain on the other side as well. It is not all blow and bluster, as they would have us think. Captain Haff is likely to do something with the Vigilant before the season is over, especially after making such radical changes as shortening the yacht's topmast four feet and cutting down her spinnaker boom an equal amount. If favored with light winds, the American yacht may show her true speed. While the Britannia has undoubtedly shown better qualities to windward, for free sailing and heavy work it is believed that the Vigilant is still the faster boat. Indeed, the London "Times" says: "There seems to be little doubt, judging from her previous performances apart from yesterday's, that in a strong wind and smooth water the Vigilant is able to beat the Britannia to windward, but it is questionable if she is so fast in any weather on a close reach or a burst down the wind. All the trials have proved that the vessels are marvelously well mated." The "Pall Mall Gazette" remarks: "Hitherto not much that is decisive has been proved on the Clyde courses, since they are much more tortuous than the yachting courses in America. . . . If the Prince of Wales should challenge for the America's Cup with the Britannia in 1895, immense enthusiasm would be aroused, and Mr. Herreshoff would find it difficult to build a boat that would beat her." In fluky winds the Britannia has certainly demonstrated her superiority, and it must be acknowledged that she is faster than any one supposed. It is nevertheless believed that in the further events of the Irish and Cowes regattas the Vigilant will not have to bear more of this depressing monotony of defeats. Should they continue, the English will be further than ever from conceding our claim that a centerboard yacht is better than a keeler. We, on our part, may have to learn that the best boat is not always the American, and that we must divide yachting prizes with our kinsmen beyond sea.

❀

Dr. Parkhurst takes time from his summer climbing in Switzerland to issue what is practically a public address to the citizens of New York. He recalls the results of the Lexow investigation in proving that Tammany Hall "is not so much a political organization as it is a compact of freebooters." "Theory, suspicion, and opinion have all been converted into matured and substantiated conviction." The fact imposes on the citizens a duty to unite in a common effort for the city's regeneration. "Virtue that will not blot out crime when the occasion offers is more self-convictingly criminal than the crime itself that it fails to efface;" and he declares, with his accustomed clearness of expression, that "any anti-Tammany movement discredits itself and lays itself open to a certain suspicion of insincerity to the degree that it lays upon the political complexion of candidates the emphasis of its thought." "What is wanted first of all is not a Republican, not a Democrat, but a man, who is as good as either and bigger than both." We confess that it is incomprehensible to us that such a journal as the New York "Tribune," which, however strenuous its partisanship, may generally be counted on to support public purity and justice, should advocate this year a partisan municipal ticket. It argues at considerable length and with much repetition that the Republican party and the Republican candidate can alone be trusted. It seems to be entirely oblivious of the position of those who hold that the question whether the next Mayor is a Republican or a Democrat is as immaterial as the question whether he is a Congregationalist or a Quaker. That the city of New York has been ruled by a "compact of freebooters" is sufficiently dishonoring to its intelligence and virtue without adding the grievous disgrace that will attach to the entire community if its honest and honorable citizens divide, and allow that "compact of freebooters" to retain their control after their blackmailing methods are matter of public and official record. This fall all men of honest purpose should rise *en masse* in a common endeavor to put at the head of public affairs some man, irrespective of his political or ecclesiastical affiliations—and the one is just as immaterial as the other—who is honest, capable, and courageous: honest—that is, sincerely desirous to administer the affairs of the municipality upon honorable business principles; capable—that is, with executive ability adequate to enable him so to revolutionize municipal affairs as to reconstruct them upon business principles; courageous—that is, brave enough to fight not only the corrupt ring which now controls all branches of municipal administration, but the corrupt private and corporate interests which have been affiliated with that ring, and which have fed and fattened by its favor. If Dr. Parkhurst were not a minister, we should say that the city could probably find no one more competent to fulfill these conditions than Dr. Parkhurst himself.

❀

The Lexow Committee is enjoying a vacation from its very exacting and eminently useful labors, and popular interest in municipal affairs has for the moment been overshadowed by the industrial crisis, but the work of the Lexow Committee is of National moment. Two years ago The Outlook, for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of affairs in different leading cities, secured contributions from well-informed writers regarding the state of affairs in Chicago, Louisville, Boston, San Francisco, Philadelphia, and St. Louis. These various writers all testified that in every one of the cities described the police departments were open to the same criticism which has now been shown, by the most damaging facts, to have been deserved by the police of this city. In Louisville the police were indifferent to open violation of law; in Boston they were levying tribute on vice in its various forms; in San Francisco they were ignoring gambling and impurity in a way which made the suspicion of connivance inevitable; in Philadelphia the "speak-easy" system was believed to prevail as in this city, while in St. Louis police virtue was very seriously discounted. It is the system, as The Outlook has pointed out, which breeds corruption; and the future investigations of the Lexow Committee will have an important bearing on affairs not only in New York, but in

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all our other great cities. The municipal problem has various phases in different sections, but at bottom it is the same problem in every part of the country, and it is a truism to add that it is in many respects the most difficult and perplexing problem which awaits solution on this continent. So far we have practically failed in municipal government.

❀

Europe becomes more and more interested in the questions at issue between Norway and Sweden as the time for the general election in the former country approaches, because that election will show the drift of public opinion, and may decide the vital question of union or separation between the two countries. We reported last week various incidents which show the high spirit of the Norwegians and the bold line which they are following. The attitude of the American colonists on the eve of the Revolution was not more pronounced and audacious. There is no people in Europe more sturdy and independent than the Norse, and they have had of late years a good deal of that inner awakening which carries with it the stirring of the national spirit. This temper is well illustrated by a story told of a peasant woman who, several years ago, when King Oscar had thrown his palace open and was receiving all comers by way of making himself popular, was conversing with the King. During the conversation the latter asked her how many sons she had. The woman replied that she had five. The King said to her that, now that she had seen him and knew that he had the interest of the people at heart, she might induce her husband and her sons to change their opinions and support him. The old woman promptly replied: "King, my men do not change their opinions with their shirts." As a rule, the Norwegians are not excitable, but a good many things have happened of late to agitate them; among them the reported plot, commented upon last week, to rob Norway of its power of resistance, and the rumor that King Oscar had been taking advice as to the best way of bringing Norway to terms. The radicals are evidently determined to push the issue to its logical conclusion, and to bring about a separation, even if an armed struggle with Sweden is necessary. To this point the Norwegian people have not yet come, but it looks as if they were moving to it with great rapidity. Meanwhile the patience of the Swedes is giving way under the strain, and if the approaching general election shows a strong popular tendency along radical lines, an outbreak may be close at hand.

❀

The repeated earthquakes last week at and near Constantinople have proven more serious than was at first supposed. It is now estimated that two hundred people have been killed, and great damage has certainly been done to property. The towns of Galataria and Jalova have been completely wrecked. With the first shock at San Stefano (of treaty-making fame), the sea suddenly receded for a great distance, and, as suddenly returning, demolished quays, ships, and buildings. Brusa and Ismid, however, towns about fifty miles south of Constantinople, seem to have been the center of the disturbance. At the capital itself the squares and the parks in the city and the beautiful gardens of the various foreign embassies overlooking the Bosphorus are filled with improvised food stations and beds, and the people are terrified, the slightest noise in the streets serving to send any still in their houses headlong outside. The Imperial Ottoman Bank has loaned two hundred and fifty thousand Turkish pounds to the Relief Commission with which to provide food, clothing, and shelter for the homeless. Many of the afflicted have betaken themselves to the mountains, and others, despite the warning at San Stefano, to the sea, so that all the boats lying in the Sea of Marmora or on the Bosphorus are crowded to suffocation. The shock at Adrianople, nearly one hundred and forty miles north of Constantinople, has also been a very serious one. Thus the seismic disturbances have extended over a section of four hundred miles. The question naturally arises, Have they any connection with the recent earthquakes in Greece and in the adjacent islands?

❀

So far everything remains quiet in Morocco, although a great deal of dissatisfaction exists in certain quarters. Abdul Aziz, the new Sultan, has been recognized by all the Great Powers except Germany; which means that there is to be no foreign interference for the present. The new Sultan has promptly imprisoned his chief competitor, and has had himself formally proclaimed Sultan at Fez. If he follows the example of his predecessors, he will decapitate his rivals and secure a clear field for himself. The youth of the Sultan, his inexperience, and the fact that he is in the hands of the old politicians who surround him, do not encourage the hope of any improvement in the government of the country under the new ruler. There is but one thing which keeps the different tribes over which Abdul Aziz rules in any kind of harmony, and that is the fear of foreign intervention. It is probably safe to say that there is no real, healthy political life in any Oriental country, and that government in such countries is carried on mainly by intrigue and by balancing one interest against another. Morocco is full of races jealous of each other, and of politicians who are scheming to push each other down and to stand in each other's shoes, and the new Sultan is a mere boy.

❀

The Strike: Suggestions of Remedy

The newspapers announce that President Cleveland has informed a delegation of workingmen that, at an early date, he will appoint a commission to investigate the causes leading up to the present labor disturbances in this country. This resolution is as wise as his previous action in ordering out the Federal troops to sustain the laws was courageous. We trust that in the one action he reflects the sober thought of the American people as correctly as he reflected in the other their loyal resolve to maintain the laws.

The immediate occasion of this strike needs no investigation. The attempt to boycott an entire nation was preposterous; such levying war upon the public because one employer was charged with treating his employees with injustice was monstrous as well as preposterous. Until the right of the people to freedom of travel on the Nation's highways was established, there were no other questions to be considered. But now that this right is re-established, it is wise to inquire into the causes which led up to it, and to consider preventive measures for the future.

A great industrial war like that through which we have just passed injures three parties—the employer, the employed, and the public; and when the war paralyzes the railways, the injury to the public is the greatest, and their rights are paramount. If a private employer and laborer fall out, society may perhaps leave them to settle the difficulty between themselves, only insisting that they keep the peace. But when the employer is a great railroad corporation, and the employed are thousands of trainmen, and on the maintenance of peaceable relations between them the mails, the food and fuel supplies, and the free transit of the community depend, the community has both a right and a duty to intervene, not merely to keep the peace as

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against mobs, but to keep the railroad in operation. For this purpose it must both protect the corporation against unjustifiable strikes by its trainmen and the trainmen against unjust treatment by the corporation. It is true that in this case there was no injustice; the strike was a causeless one. But it is also true that the strike would have been impossible had not the relations between the great railroads and their employees been previously strained, partly by acts of real injustice perpetrated by some corporations toward their employees, partly by the fact that the law provides no remedy for such injustice except a labor organization, formed on military principles and prepared for war. What the public has to do is to protect its own rights by laws which will, on the one hand, make such a strike impossible, and, on the other, remove the temptation to it by providing for the wronged employee some other remedy.

It must be nearly or quite a quarter of a century since Senator Booth, of California, formulated the railroad problem of the United States in a sentence, saying (we quote from memory), "Formerly our means of locomotion were poor, but our highways were free; now our means of locomotion are excellent, but our highways are private property." Both law and custom at that time fully justified this terse characterization of the situation. Railroad managers operated their roads as private property; regulated charges solely by considering what the traffic would bear; had favored customers to whom they gave special rates, to the utter ruin of competition; if unscrupulous, were as ready to wreck a railroad as to develop it, if by so doing they could make more money for themselves. Their answer to complaining travelers and complaining employees was substantially the same: If you do not like our trains and fares, walk; if you do not like our employment, leave it. If the public attempted to mitigate the injustice by legislation, the legislators were bought; if by competing lines, competition led to combination, and the monopoly simply became bigger and more absolute than before. It would be grossly unfair to condemn all railroad corporations because some were viciously administered. But there are considerable sections in this country where the railroad is execrated alike by the public and the trainmen; and such universal execration does not exist without a cause.

Senator Booth's declaration is no longer unqualifiedly true. In other countries the community has taken complete possession and control of its highways. In this country a series of judicial decisions and legislative acts has practically affirmed that the railroad is not private property—that it is a public highway, that the corporation operating it is a public servant, subject to the control of the public, and as truly employed to carry its freight and travelers as to carry its mails. The course of the Administration during the recent strike, in interfering to protect not merely the mails but inter-State commerce, is a distinct recognition of this principle. It is in a further application of this principle that the country is to depend, in so far as it can depend upon merely legal measures, to prevent a possible future barricade of the Nation's highways.

We are not bold enough to imagine that we can formulate a law adequate for all future exigencies. But we venture to suggest for consideration, discussion, and criticism, two simple provisions, both based on the fundamental principle that the railroads are National highways, and that both corporations and trainmen are, in a peculiar sense, servants of the public and amenable to public control. The first provision would place trainmen in a relation to their trains similar to that of seamen to a ship; it would make it illegal for trainmen to abandon a train in transit; or to leave their employment without giving some legally defined notice—as a week or a month; or to combine to leave in a body, for the purpose of stopping the traffic upon the road. Such a provision would be grossly unjust unless it were accompanied by another giving the trainmen some other remedy in place of the strike, which such a law would render unlawful. For this purpose complaints against any railroad corporation by its men should be submitted either to a permanent court or to a body of arbitrators constituted to consider it; the latter would probably be better because less liable to corruption. If the court decided against the men, they could still abandon their employment, provided they did it in such a way as not to involve interference with its traffic. If the court decided against the road, the managers would be required to accept the decision, or surrender the road to a receiver, whose duty would be, first, to pay the operating expenses; second, the interest on the mortgage bonds; and, third, dividends on the stock. It is true that in case of a strike the five or ten thousand trainmen could not all be arrested and put in jail; but it is also true that the leaders could be arrested, and such a strike is not practicable without leadership. And it is reasonable to hope that strikes would be less readily resorted to if men who thought themselves unjustly treated had any other resort provided. It is also true that the railroad manager will object that the owners of a railroad should be permitted to manage their own property in their own way. But this article assumes that a railroad is not private property; that it is a public highway, and the corporation, in operating it, is a public servant administering a public trust and subject to public control. If such a servant is not willing to submit to that control, he must relinquish it to some one else.

These suggestions are radical. They certainly cannot be, and ought not to be, accepted without careful consideration. But in considering them the unprejudiced thinker should ask himself, not, How will the trainmen like such a law? nor, What will railroad managers say to it? but, What will be its effect as a protection of the public? Not, Are there difficulties in such a law? but, Are they likely to be more serious than the difficulties which the community has repeatedly suffered under our present system? For ourselves, we think it quite clear that a system which treats the Nation's highways as private property, and which leaves the owners and the operators of such highways to settle their controversies by a strike, is unphilosophical, inconsistent with National welfare or even National peace, and must give place to something better.

Paul Heyse

Among the very few contemporary German writers known to the world, the distinguished novelist whose portrait appears on the title-page of The Outlook this week, and a very interesting talk with whom appears in another place, holds a foremost place. German scholarship is as productive and influential as of old, but literary activity and fertility have greatly diminished in the country of Goethe and Heine. Since the death of Freiligrath no German poet is widely known outside his own country; Herman Grimm is one of a very few essayists and critics; while among novelists (since the death of Auerbach), Spielhagen, Freytag, and Heyse only have international reputations; for Dr. Ebers, in spite of his popularity, can hardly be ranked with the greater novelists. Freytag has ceased to write fiction, and the work of Spielhagen has fallen so far below its old-time level that he can no longer be regarded as his own

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rival. Paul Heyse, therefore, stands practically at the head of the novelists of his country.

Born at Berlin in 1830, the son of an eminent philologist, the future novelist was surrounded from his youth up by scholarly associations. He went through the usual preparatory course, and made philology the chief subject of study in his university days at Bonn and at Berlin. His instinct for writing manifested itself at an early age, and at twenty-one he had already published a tragedy dealing with the story of Francesca da Rimini, and a number of minor poems and short stories, which gave promise of notable work in the future and awakened great expectations among his friends. His interest in verse was shown by three epic poems, "The Bride of Cyprus," "Thekla," and "Syritha." He has published, in addition, several volumes of miscellaneous verse, characterized, for the most part, by a singular combination of psychologic insight and sensuous expression. A considerable number of dramatic works bear witness to his versatility and knowledge of stage requirements, but have not added greatly to his reputation. It is, however, as a novelist that Heyse has achieved the highest success and gained the widest reputation. He is one of the few admirable German writers of short stories. He has certain qualities rare among German writers—power of condensation, clear sense of proportion, and keen sense of form—all qualities which go to the successful writing of short stories. These stories have been collected, and form no small contribution to German literature. Among the best-known of them are "L'Arabbiata," "Das Glück von Rothenburg," "Andrea Delfin," and "Die Einsamen."

In 1873 "Die Kinder die Welt" appeared, and at once threw all Heyse's earlier successes into eclipse. This striking novel was followed two years later by "Im Paradiese," and by these two long stories Heyse is probably best known outside his own country. Both novels portray art life and deal with art themes. They are eminently successful in reproducing the atmosphere of that life as it exists at Munich, Dresden, and other art centers in Germany, and they are peculiarly interesting to American readers because they portray a kind of life practically unknown in this country. Some one has recently spoken of the confused relations between the sexes in dramatic circles in Bavaria; in Heyse's stories, so far as these matters are concerned, one lives in a society which is apparently unconscious of any moral quality. In power of delineating character, in skill of portraiture, in richness of sentiment, and in narrative force Paul Heyse stands high, not only among German writers, but among contemporary novelists without regard to national lines.

Work that Nourishes

One of the secrets of a life of growing power is to be nourished rather than depleted by one's work. Activity is healthful; strain is harmful. Men do not die of overwork, but of maladjustment to the conditions of their work; for under ripe conditions work develops just as truly as exercise, but under wrong conditions it depletes and destroys. The great workers of the world have accumulated force rather than parted with it, and have gathered richness of material and power of action by the putting forth of their energies; so that their lives have moved toward culmination rather than come to an early fruition followed by a long decline. It is easy to detect the difference between the man who is fed by his work and the man who is drained by it. There is an ease, a force, and a zest about the work that nourishes which is never long characteristic of the work that depletes; for the essential of the work which nourishes is its free and unimpeded expression of the personality of the worker. It is the overflow of his own personal energy and not the strenuous putting forth of toilsome effort. It is significant that the great artists, as a rule, are immensely productive. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rubens, Shakespeare, Balzac, and men of their class, attest their genius not only by the quality of their work, but by its quantity also. This means that they have secured the right adjustment to their conditions, and that work, instead of being a drain, nourishes and develops the worker. The man who works with delight and ease grows by means of his activity, and the first secret to be learned in order to rid work of worry and wear is to take it in a reposeful spirit, to refuse to be hurried, to exchange the sense of being mastered by one's occupation for the consciousness of mastery. To take work easily and quietly, not because one is indifferent to it, but because one is fully equal to it, is to take the first step towards turning work into play.

Editorial Notes

—The English-speaking race has the law-abiding instinct in its blood and bone. It will go far under pressure of excitement, but the English-speaking men are few who are ready to become Anarchists.

—The Vicksburg "Commercial Herald" puts the matter in a nutshell in this fashion: "President Debs says the first shot fired by the Federal soldiers will bring on civil war. We advise him not to fight the United States army. We've been there."

—Mr. Balfour recently spoke of the English press as an institution "under which we live, which we submit to, which we profit by, which we suffer from, but which we do not criticise." Mr. Balfour has a genuine gift of irony.

—The London "Spectator" comments on the fact that the French are discovering England. As a matter of fact, this is an age of international discovery, and the different races are coming for the first time to get some real knowledge of each other. It is astonishing how prejudices disappear when such knowledge is secured.

—The American eagle, at present absent on English soil, has become an extremely modest bird, having suffered various chastisements, which, although bitter in the immediate experience, are likely to prove extremely beneficial in the future. For an effete nation, the English have a remarkable faculty of keeping the lead in a good many departments.

—The English House of Commons has been giving considerable attention to the increase of lunacy in Ireland, a late report of the inspectors having shown that in the last forty years the insane of all classes had increased over 200 per cent., and that this increase was made among a diminishing population. Various explanations of this singular phenomenon are suggested, among them the emigration of the stronger members of the community, and the intemperate use of alcohol and tea, the latter beverage being used in great quantities and in a concentrated form.

—It is a misfortune that Secretary Carlisle has had to do with questions of art. Neither his instinct nor his training seems to fit him to deal with such matters. Mr. St. Gaudens's design for the World's Fair medal is accepted so far as one side is concerned, but the other side has been rejected, and a device substituted which, according to the New York "Tribune," presents a "shield supported by two fully dressed women, one flourishing a trumpet, and the other holding out a tablet resembling a bread-tray, with a caravel beneath, looking not unlike an elongated bread-basket." The "Tribune" aptly suggests that the trumpet may be interpreted as a dinner-horn, summoning the nations to the great international feast.

—One fact about the present situation seems to have struck no labor leader save Mr. Arthur, and that is the extraordinary peril of throwing thousands of men out of employment on the heels of a great crisis and in the midst of a general depression. No sane man with any regard for the well-being of the workingmen would have taken such a responsibility, and this close upon a winter in which the classes commonly called well-to-do have poured out money like water for aid to the unfortunate. "In view of the fact," says Mr. Arthur, "that during the past winter all the people were taxed to their utmost to feed the poor and unemployed, it is wrong for any man, even though he has the authority, to order out thousands of workingmen who have large families to support."

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A Talk with Paul Heyse

By the Countess von Krockow

WHEN preparing to write on Paul Heyse last summer for the "Atlantic Monthly," I reached a point where there was a need of seeing him personally. So many contradictory statements exist in regard to the writings and life of the celebrated author that I despaired of arriving, alone, at the truth. So I journeyed to him in Munich.

His light-colored, gray-stone villa stands buried in shrubbery behind the high stone wall on Luisen Street, across from the villa of the artist Lenbach. The place looks the more retired because of the pretentious, festive openness of Lenbach's, with its marble fountain basin, terrace, and Italian colonnade. One sees, in fact, as little of Heyse's house from the broad, quiet, fashionable street as one sees of the face of a maiden in a Shaker bonnet; a glimpse through the iron gate in front—that is absolutely all that there is to be had of it. Yet how inviting is this glimpse, and every nearer survey of the neatly kept garden! Not a dry stalk nor dead leaf anywhere; every plant fresh and healthy, every old tree trimmed, and bending its shapely boughs over graceful seats as gallantly as cavaliers of the court ever bent over fair ladies.

I had traveled up many stairs to poets in untidy chambers; it was a relief to view, for once, a successful author's home.

Inside the house the doors are wide, and they open, with the slow swing of rich weight, into large, high rooms. The hall gives space for a broad winding stairway, with an easy mount, and as you ascend it you pass a select collection of marble reliefs, plaster-of-Paris casts, and framed photogravures of classic and *cinque-cento* sculptures. You recall Heyse's youth to your mind as you see them, remembering that it was spent in the company of art historians, artists, and men generally of wealth and culture. Every foot of his own abode bespeaks a love of refined luxury; no piece of furniture imposes itself on your notice for its costliness, nor any nook of a room for its voluptuous coziness; but every chair is a low *fauteuil*, and every article choice and exquisite. Before the sofa on which I took my seat in his study was a small ebony table. A book lay open on it, face downward, as if just put there for a moment, and close by it stood a slender-necked Murano glass vase, containing a single, long-stemmed rose of magnificent beauty. That was the first flower I had observed in a man's library; it will keep, in my mind, I am afraid, blossoming on as did the tropic camellia of Zenobia's hair in the memory of Miles Coverdale; so symbolic of Heyse's art was it. For, in the midst of a literature as full of academic, historical, and realistic books as a meadow is of grass, his works are singularly brilliant and elegant, and at their core a little suffocating, perhaps, from overlusciousness.

We had seen each other before, when Herr Heyse said my name recalled one of his personages in "Hans Lange." On meeting now again, I told him I had read the play, and it had interested me to see that his characterization of the ancestor of my husband accords exactly with the traits of the present generation of Krockow. To prevent his saying anything that I should feel obliged to regard as private, I bent my remarks so as to imply my business at once. None of the books about him, he said, characterized him at all well. George Brandes had written about him in "Moderne Geister." That, however, is a literary critical essay.

"It considers your dramatic works very little," I commented.

"My dramatic works hardly at all," answered Herr Heyse. "Brandes looked at me chiefly from his momentary point of view, as one of the many phenomena in the literary drift that he had undertaken to describe."

He got up from out his low chair, as low as a sitz-bath almost, and went to a movable book-stand. "There's something here, perhaps," he said, twisting the stand around, "that I might give you. Here it is—'Das Neue Blatt;' a good friend of mine wrote it."

"Oh, thank you! I'll take a note of the number of the 'Blatt.'"

"Take the paper with you, if you like. It's the newest about me, and has my photograph," he said, obligingly; whereupon I remarked that his newest novel is "Merlin."

"Yes, it has been out four weeks. The idea of it is something similar to that of 'Kinder der Welt.' An English lady translated that some years ago into English—a very agreeable lady. She came here to see me."

"Now, how is it, Doctor," I asked, "when you write? Do you have the plan of a novel elaborated in your mind beforehand? Are you clear as to the personages as well as to your general idea?"

"Yes, fully."

"What! even the sentences? Can you carry sentences about in your mind?" I exclaimed. "George Eliot could, but I thought that a very rare gift indeed."

"The chief sentences, yes; I fix those in my memory till I use them. It's an odd thing about memory! Now this novel, 'Merlin:' I carried pretty nearly the whole in my mind twenty years ago. This English lady I spoke of—I remember talking to her over the details of it, and that was twelve years ago. If you're interested in biographical details concerning me, it's something to know that I wrote the three books in six months. I was in the country, and had nothing to do, and this flooded me completely, as it were, day and night, and I wrote and wrote. Then, here in town, later, it took me a year to work the thing over."

"Do figures that present themselves to your imagination convey ideas? Or are you first beset by an idea for which you invent personages?"

"Oh, that's various. It's hard to explain exactly how that is with me."

"Living persons suggest personages—or don't you ever consciously make use of real acquaintances?" I inquired, with interest.

"No, I don't. But I've gathered a great deal of knowledge of men during the course of my life. The idea I wanted to portray in 'Merlin' is how a man can get on in a life of moral and intellectual culture without the conventional and traditional aids of religion and society. The hero does. Then, however, he commits a fault. It is not essentially fatal, but it becomes fatal to his progress, because he lets it worm in him, lets it fill his mind in place of art, moral ideas, and new insights. He succumbs, not because he has not had conventional notions, but because he has not persisted in increasing his stock of general notions. I treat the subject of literary and artistic qualities, and put the realism of the day in the wrong."

"As in your 'Wahrheit'?"

"Yes," he said, with a pleased smile. "But how will the stupid public think of it—how did they treat 'Wahrheit'? Why, some said that I had preached the doctrine of casuistry, held up white-lying as a virtue. They didn't catch the moral meaning of the piece at all."

"Well, were you pleased with the success of the drama this time, Doctor?"

"Yes, I *was* pleased. My forte really is dramatic composition. I wrote dramas earlier than anything else. I'm always praised for my short stories. People don't distinguish. My first drama was 'Francesca da Rimini.' I was twenty when I wrote it. People thought I must be wild and dissipated. But I wasn't. I was a greenhorn of a boy, and I wrote what the subject required, and I was attracted to the subject out of sheer artistic considerations; it struck me as powerfully dramatic, so I used it. But mothers blamed me, warned their daughters against me, and the daughters, in their turn, warned their children; so there has been no end to the outcry. My most successful dramas have been 'Hans Lange' and 'Colbert.'

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They're not the best-written. There is no central subject, approached, carried on with increasing intensity to a final climax. There is no dramatic unity. But the subjects are taking. That's the secret always to winning the public—sympathetic subjects. My 'Marriage in the Avignon' always won prodigious success; but it got off the repertoires and hasn't been taken up again. If I traveled about as some do, used back-stair maneuvers, as the saying is, I could get theatrical directors to put it on the stage again. But I don't do that sort of thing. I can only hope that the directors will take it up again of their own accord."

"You are so productive, Doctor. I'm always astonished at how much you write. You don't rewrite things, do you, ever?"

"Short stories never, but novels, yes; and dramas—oh, I have to work them over four or five times."

I asked if he wrote afternoons or only in the morning.

"Only mornings. I do all my writing, I may say, from eight o'clock to about eleven. But then I have material always in mind, and turn it over afternoons and nights; but short stories—why, you've no idea how easy those are! In two hours such a thing is begun and ended."

"Yes, *now*, but was composition always so easy to you?"

"No, that's true. When I think back, I see that in the beginning I was bothered a great deal to think of anything; or, rather, it wasn't the *thinking*, it was the expression of what I thought that was so hard. I was several years learning to compose, to develop thoughts and set them down in due order. I was like a musician with a melody in his mind, composed of a few notes. A young composer doesn't know what to do with them. He has to study counterpoint in order from the few tones to develop a long composition."

"Do you remember whether you began by imitating the manner of writing of some author whom you admired? or did you say to yourself from the start that your salvation lay in working out your own individual style?"

"I never imitated; no. I admired Goethe, of course, immensely, and other writers. But, you see, in time I got hold of a formula that helped me. Now take, for instance, a fact or anecdote one hears. A girl, for instance, mixes for herself a potion to kill her, because she's afraid she'll give way to the importunities of a youth. There is material for a short story, isn't there? Now one must begin by thinking about it. How did the girl look? how did the youth look? She must have been good-looking, or she would not have attracted him. She could not, at any rate, have been repulsive. Nor could she have been weak, or she wouldn't have mixed the potion; and so on. It's very easy—or it is to me now. As for writing, my style has always had repose, for I've always written precisely as I would speak. When I take up my pen, my one task is to tell a story, and I fancy to myself some person is seated near my desk. I then write in the way I would talk."

I looked towards the desk involuntarily, and saw that a chair actually stands there, empty, as if waiting for its habitual spiritual guest. Then followed a pause of considerable length. He broke the silence at last by sighing lightly and remarking that he is now sixty-two years old.

I rose to my feet, and ventured the prediction that we should see realism in German literature give place to a new ideal.

"That's what I think, too. There is certainly a change in that direction already."

He said he had just been reading Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs." "An improbable tale, but Crawford had got rich by it."

I could only concede this. In America there were energetic publishers who conspired to run up this year one writer and the next another. They advertised Rudyard Kipling, for instance.

"There's another author!" he exclaimed. "Smart, with certain literary gifts, but no breadth, no depth. I think among our young German writers Sudermann gives the most promise."

"Why," I exclaimed, "don't you expect as much of Gerhardt Hauptmann, too?"

"Hauptmann? No, I don't," Heyse answered. "Hauptmann isn't so many-sided as Sudermann. I've just been reading Sudermann's latest. How fresh that is! what sparkling humor!"

"I suppose that Carl Bleibtreu is about the most repulsive of your realists," I remarked.

"Ugh! Bleibtreu. He's always haranguing."

"My favorite is Ebner-Eschenbach," I said, conclusively, whereupon Heyse's face lighted up. "Yes, indeed; nobody surpasses her. What plastic, what French-like grace in the turns of her conversation! I love her. I never saw her, but I love her tenderly. I gave up writing stories when I read hers. There is no equaling her work."

"What do you think, Doctor, of your other women writers—Ossip Schubin, Ida Boy-Eid, and Vely?"

"Ossip Schubin is a brilliant writer. What a capital piece of work her 'Boris Lensky' is! Women see the fine shades that escape our clumsier senses. It's my opinion that story-writing will go over into their hands altogether. The drama is man's field. There isn't a woman who ever excelled in that. If only our German players were good for anything!" he concluded, with what seemed at once a retrospective and ever-cankering bitterness. "You can't find a stage in the country where every rôle is beset with good actors, yet every single rôle must be filled well if your pleasure is going to be complete."

He lisped again a little, as he had done at the beginning of our interview, saying "pleathure" for pleasure. I noticed, too, that his manner of sitting was relaxed, the few movements of his white hands wavy. A tall, full form, inclining towards fatness; a face full of good features and crowned with dark-brown hair.

"Your flower, Doctor," I said aloud, bending over it as I rose to take leave: "I noticed its perfection when I first came in."

Christian Converts in India

By the Rev. J. M. Thoburn, D.D.
Missionary Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church

It was with both surprise and regret that I read Mr. Mozoomdar's severe criticism upon the native Christians of India in a recent number of The Outlook. Very many readers of his paper were undoubtedly under the impression that Mr. Mozoomdar is himself a recent convert to the Christian faith, and hence his testimony is accepted as that of an impartial and well-informed witness. As a matter of fact, however, no one who knows Mr. Mozoomdar in Calcutta or in any part of India ever dreams of calling him a Christian, nor has he ever been associated with Christians any more intimately than other non-Christian gentlemen of like culture. I doubt if he has ever seen any considerable number of village Christians, and am quite sure that he has never been associated with any of the notable leaders who are now achieving such splendid success in both North and South India. Had he known his Christian fellow-countrymen better, he would not have written:

"What reforms do they—the converts—originate? What labors do they carry on? What advance do they make in the confidence of the great Hindu society? What contributions do they offer to the great world of Christian thought? They live and die more as figures and ciphers in a statistical table than as living souls clothed in flesh and blood."

I am sure Mr. Mozoomdar would never have penned these words if he had even once been brought into contact with any considerable number of our Indian Christians. I am personally acquainted with a thousand men, any one of whom could set him a worthy example in working for reform, in elevating their fellow-men, in winning the confidence of both Hindus and Mohammedans, and in rooting out a score of evils which have long afflicted Hindu society. I have seen twenty Christian young women in a body attending lectures in the Agra Medical College. All

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of these were the daughters of village converts, and their presence in such an institution means that a revolution is going on among the masses of the people—the teeming millions whose condition men of Mr. Mozoomdar's class rarely study or in any way consider. I have seen long processions of Christians pledged to total abstinence parading the streets and other public places in the interest of the great temperance reform. I have seen hundreds and thousands of Hindus, whose confidence had been secured by these devoted Christians, looking on with friendly interest, and sometimes even joining in the demonstrations. I have been a witness during the past third of a century to what I can regard only as a revolution in the feelings of millions of Hindus in northern India toward Christian converts. Thousands and tens of thousands of these Christians are bearing noble witness against child-marriage, polygamy, extortion, drunkenness, and immorality of every kind. To call such men "ciphers" is so cruelly unjust that I am sure Mr. Mozoomdar must have penned the words in absolute ignorance of the character of the men and women whom he misrepresents.

One of the most influential non-Christian papers in India is the "Hindu," published in Madras. A year or two ago the editor of that paper wrote as follows of the Christians of southern India:

"The progress of education among the girls of the native Christian community, and the absence of caste restrictions, will eventually give them an advantage which no amount of intellectual precocity can compensate the Brahmans for. We recently printed the statement of a Bombay paper that the social eminence which at the present moment the Parsees so deservedly enjoy was due to these two causes, namely, that their women are educated, and they are bound by no restrictions of caste. These two advantages slowly make themselves felt among our native Christian people, and it is possible that they will soon become the Parsees of southern India. They will furnish the most distinguished public servants, barristers, merchants, and citizens, among the various classes of the native community."

This testimony will suffice to refute Mr. Mozoomdar's statements so far as southern India is concerned. As for northern India, it is generally conceded that the Christians there are in advance of their brethren in the south, and already their sons and daughters are gaining promotion rapidly.

Mr. Mozoomdar proceeds to point out that the Indian Christians do not seek shelter beneath the all-shadowing branches of the ancient Hindu tree. "How does it happen," he asks, "that other non-Hindu communities, like the Sikhs, the Kabir Panthis, the various Vishnabite and Tantric sects, are included within the fold of all-embracing Hindu society, and why is it that native Christians alone are rigidly excluded?" This question is vital. Mr. Mozoomdar may well ask why Christianity does not subordinate itself to Hinduism, as so many other religious systems have done. Mormonism could take such a position, and the Hindu religion would place no bar in the way; but Christianity cannot do it. The kingdom of Jesus Christ can never be made tributary to any earthly power or system. The Christians of India are taking their place among the great body of the people, but they are doing so as Indian—not Hindu—Christians. Their right to a place in the general community is now seldom challenged. Mr. Mozoomdar, like many others in India, does not seem to realize that the Christians are rapidly advancing in many parts of the empire, and that, in proportion to their numbers, they are taking a more prominent position than any other section of the general community. I speak, of course, of Protestant converts. Mr. Mozoomdar objects to the exclusion of Roman Catholics, but the mass of these are descendants of the nominal Christians who were gathered in during the Portuguese era, and are never reckoned as "converts" by any class in India. The missionary era dates from the arrival of Dr. Carey in Bengal, and the number of Roman Catholic converts who have been won from heathenism since that date is comparatively small.

A Visit to the Monastery of Certosa di Val d'Emo

By Katharine M. Bott

The beautiful and interesting monastery of Certosa di Val d'Emo crowns a lovely hill about a half-hour's tram-ride from Florence. It formerly belonged to and was inhabited by Carthusian monks. It is now owned by the Government, which allows a small number of this order to live here as custodians of the place. That it belongs to the Government is, from the woman's point of view, most satisfactory, for, were Certosa under the strict rules of the order, no profane feminine foot would be allowed to awaken unholy echoes in its silent cloisters. The monastery at present contains fourteen inmates—six monks and eight lay brothers—who receive from the Government a small pension, which, though large enough to keep the place in good repair, is not sufficient for their maintenance. Their principal source of income comes from their "farmacia," where they make perfumes of various kinds, and, in addition, a liqueur much like that made by the monks of the brother house of the same order—the "Grande Chartreuse" in France. The proceeds from this industry, however, are somewhat diminished by the Government tax on "farmacias," which, as Italian citizens, they must pay.

The approach to the monastery is most picturesque. From the point on the main road where the tram halts for passengers to alight, the entrance to this lofty pile of buildings is not visible. A few steps, however, bring the steep path in sight, which ascends between high walls, leading straight up to the massive iron-studded door in the monastery wall. This path, with its perspective of straight lines narrowing almost together at the distant portal, reminds one quite literally of the narrow path we are admonished to tread, and on a hot summer day it seems to the discouraged pedestrian almost as difficult as the one of which it is a type.

The visiting parties are guided about the buildings by the lay brothers, who are dressed in white robes, which to the uninitiated look precisely like the garments worn by the regular monks. Even in this saintly atmosphere, however, social distinctions seem to have their place, as well as in the lower regions where the worldly are content to dwell. The monks are educated priests, and seem to look down a little on the lay brothers, who are often men of no learning, having been called from the till or the plow. The former perform no manual labor, leaving to the latter the task of scrubbing floors and keeping everything clean and in order. The monks proper are further distinguishable from the lay brothers in that they are smooth-shaven, while the latter are allowed to cultivate fierce beards.

The scene about the outer gate of the monastery is an interesting one to the artist and to the student of "low" Italian life, for here all the beggars and infirm from the surrounding country gather to arouse the pity and generosity of the tourist or the pious inmates. Our little party stopped to enjoy this scene, without which as a foreground the Italian picture is not complete. After our stock of coppers had been exhausted we entered the monastery, and found that the lay brother who was directing parties that day had already started on his round. In very unpretentious Italian, one of the gentlemen of our party asked a tall monk, who happened to be passing, if it were too late to be shown over the premises. Turning around a benignant visage towards our party, he replied, with a strong Irish accent, "Pity you don't speak English!" The twinkle which accompanied these words proved most clearly that a little earthly spice still remains in this sanctified atmosphere.

To the American Protestant, whose principal knowledge of monks is derived from the pictures of emaciated and saintly ascetics with which European galleries and churches are filled, this jolly and decidedly human-looking monk was a revelation. He also increased our pleasure by offering himself to be our guide.

Although Certosa contains some good works of early art, still the attraction to strangers does not lie in these,

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but in the glimpse of that old monastery life which is like a living picture of the past.

As our party passed through the tiny chapel the monks were droning mass. They were truly in keeping with the old blackened wood-carvings against which they leaned, and it seemed as if these same white, motionless figures might have droned these same chants for hundreds of years. The fact that one or two had to be literally propped up in their places from sheer old age heightened this effect. When we remarked that the inmates of the monastery seemed to live to a good old age, our guide, with much gusto, related the following incident: It being the rule of the Order never to eat meat, one of the Popes, in years gone by, sent a message to the monastery of the "Grande Chartreuse" in France, recommending that strict adherence to this rule be broken in the cases of weak or ailing members. The Prior, in reply, sent a delegation of thirty monks to Rome. When they arrived, the Holy Father asked the youngest member of the delegation to step forward. "How old are you?" inquired his Holiness. "Eighty-four," was the prompt reply. The Pope came to the conclusion that if the baby member of the convent was eighty-four years old, improvements in their method of life were quite unnecessary, and forebore further suggestions as to their diet.

The fact that the present inmates of Certosa range in age from seventy to ninety years is certainly a strong argument in favor of the vegetarian theory.

As our guide finished his story he led us to a covered loggia where such a view burst upon our vision as can be seen only in Italy. From between the carved pillars and graceful stone arches of the balcony the eye wanders over the gently undulating hills of fair Tuscany, that rise ever higher until, purple-veiled, they seem to touch the arching sky. Opposite, crowning its commanding height, ancient Fiesole looks down on that marvelous Florence, the child of her own bosom, which she has seen struggle and grow great and beautiful beneath her eyes.

On a nearer hill, a pile of rough masonry, plain and unimposing, but great for the thoughts fostered in its rough precincts, "Galileo's tower" rears its hoary head to the starry heavens as of yore. The wonderful gray-green of the olive-trees is thrown into sharp contrast by frowning cypresses, which here and there rise tall and stern, like watchful sentinels guarding the white villas dotted amid the soft olive groves. We, from our rushing life beyond the sea, are apt to attribute the monks' long lives more to the stillness and the beauty than to the simple diet, though probably both are factors. It would seem ungrateful to die in such a spot, surrounded by so much loveliness and peace.

The greatest interest in Certosa centers in and about the convent garden. Here, as we wandered down the neat gravel path, our skirts brushed against sweet-smelling herbs, lavender and rosemary, which the monks use in the manufacture of their perfumes and liqueur. Our jovial guide referred to the latter as "Carthusian whisky." He was generous enough, however, to award the palm to the Irish article, thus proving that fifty years spent in the rare atmosphere of sanctity had not obliterated all memory of the wicked world in this recluse. In the center of the garden is a fine old well, from which the monks draw their water in picturesque copper pails.

Surrounding the garden are the cloisters, supported on slender columns, where the monks promenade, protected from winter rains and burning summer sun. Opening into these cloisters are their cells—only those, however, of the monks; the lay brothers are forced to content themselves with other and less attractive quarters. The Carthusian vows are very strict, silence being a prominent feature. The monks spend a large part of their time in the seclusion of their separate cells. Each monk has two small rooms, in one of which he sleeps, while in the other he receives, through a small door in the outer wall, his meals. His diet is of the most simple kind, consisting of eggs, milk, vegetables, and farinaceous foods. Only on Sundays and feast-days do all come together for a meal in the large refectory. On such occasions, while the others eat, one monk mounts a small corner pulpit and reads from some book of devotion until the simple repast is over. Once a week for five hours they come together to talk. One can imagine the contained gossip and chat of the week finding vent in that one privileged afternoon.

The furniture of the cells is most simple, consisting of a bed, a small chest of drawers, and one chair. In the adjoining room are a "*prie dieu*," a chair, and a table, but no rug is on the stone floor of either room. Even in the summer the corridors and chapels were cold.

"Do you manage to keep warm here in winter?" asked one of the party, as we were retracing our steps.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "we have some stoves. Still," he added, "the ardor of the monks is supposed to keep them warm;" and (dare I relate it?) this saintly old inmate—winked!

In spite of the beauty and peace of this lovely spot, how unreal its shut-away life seemed as we descended from the austere heights to the hurry and strife of the laughing, weeping, loving world beneath! The life on the hill seemed a little selfish, too, in its retirement from the struggle and heat of the day into an existence one of whose greatest aims is self-salvation. If these monks believe that "God so loved the world" as to become a man, in order to work among and raise humanity, are they logical in thinking a life directly in opposition to this example is following in His footsteps? Did not Goethe more nearly grasp the truth when he made Faust's highest moral moment that in which, a man among men, he found the long-groped-after salvation in working for his fellows?

Our debt of gratitude, however, to these old monasteries and their inmates is immeasurable. Here, and only here, protected by that reverence for religion which was the one stable sentiment of the Italy of the Middle Ages, could learning and art be fostered unmolested by outside storms. The patient monk, whose gentle and religious soul recoiled with horror from the rude struggle of opposing ambitions, could keep alive the flickering flame among the books of the great monastery libraries, or with delicate brush record on the parchment page the pure visions of midnight vigils.

It was in the monastery of Santa Croce del Corvo, near Spezia, that the immortal Dante, a homeless exile from his loved Florence, left his "Inferno" for safe-keeping with its Prior, Fra Ilario. For how many priceless manuscripts must we thank the inmates of these same suppressed monasteries! But for their reverent care the thoughts of the great dead would in many cases have been lost to the world.

The Shakespeare Museum

By Louise Manning Hodgkins

A desk by school-boy hand all hacked and hewed,
A yellow parchment whose inscription rude
Spells out his name to signify a debt;
A pair of foils, a ring in mourning set,
A fragment from the mulberry-tree, are here:
Are these memorials that we fain would see
All parceled, labeled, given pedigree?

The lute that shrewish Kate a pillory made
For sweet Bianca's unoffending head;
A faded petal from the cowslip's cell
Where Ariel rocked and hummed his "Ding-dong bell;"
The magic wand that from the "vasty deep"
At Prospero's bidding called the dead from sleep;
The letter writ by sad Antonio
Which turned an hour of bliss to darkest woe;

Of Romeo's tell-tale cord a single strand
Once touched by that "white wonder," Juliet's hand;
One of Dame Quickly's goblets "parcel gilt;"
The sword by Falstaff hacked even to the hilt;
That handkerchief of magic web and charm
Which wrought true Desdemona deadly harm:—
Such are the relics known to souls devout,
Unmarred of time, untouched by breath of doubt.

Stratford-on-Avon, England.

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A Vagrom Mother

By Katharine Tynan Hinkson

We had lost sight of Mary for a year and a half, and had begun to despair of her reappearance. Mary is an eccentric Irish maid-servant of indifferent domestic acquirements, but of a profound humor and an excellent spirit of faithfulness. She had been in our service off and on for years, staying until the roaming fit took her—for the "office" drew Mary in her younger days as the children of sailors are drawn by the sea—and at twenty-two she had already seen her century of "places." But she had always returned to us after a few months, and as her reappearances had generally coincided with a vacancy, we had come to look upon her as inevitable. It was now close upon Christmas, and we had heard nothing of her from the Whitsuntide of the year before. We thought her absence was due to the fact that on that Whitsunday—there being exactly thirteen at table—Mary, a visitor and a voluntary parlor-maid, entered the dining-room on her nose and amid the ruin of thirteen soup-plates. She had a way of taking things to heart, and was sincerely grieved by the mishap, and after that day she disappeared, it seemed finally.

However, here she was again, this snowy December day, beaming broadly on us from her large flat face, and with an indefinable air of prosperity and importance, the secret of which we were soon to learn. She kept it as long as dignity demanded, and then, as suddenly as a cork flies from a bottle, she blurted out: "I've buried my mother, and she's left me a 'lob.'"

Now, we had always known that there was something of a mystery about Mary's mother. She was supposed to be dead, but Mary's "hands off" manner when the subject was approached suggested secrets. She babbled so freely of herself and her youthful doings, all vastly entertaining, that a youthful listener was once unwarily guilty of noticing some discrepancy between Mary's statements about her mother from one time to another. The genial current of the narrative was at once frozen, and Mary said, very stiffly, "Them's family matters, an' as sich not to be spoke of;" and it was long ere she could be induced to forget the unlucky curiosity. Suspicion, that strong characteristic of the Irish peasant mind, is overwhelmingly present in Mary. There had been various guesses about Mary's mother, the one indisputable fact known being that she had been a Protestant, which accounted for Mary's somewhat reserved and skeptical habit of mind where spiritual things were concerned. However, the truth that no one guessed was that Mary herself did not know whether she had a mother living or not.

The married life of her parents had been of very short duration. A hundred times in Mary's anecdotes of her mother we recognized the likeness to her own strange and original character, one that separated her from the peasant women about her, with their soft ways, as broadly as if she had been a creature of another sphere. One could as soon imagine Mary married, and rearing a brood of ragged, rosy children, as one could imagine some queer, gawky, lonely bird of the marshes coming into the farmyard to lead the life of the domestic hen. How Mary's mother was tempted to matrimony I know not, but, the yoke once assumed, it, and its attendant maternity, were resented with bitter indignation. By the time Mary had come into the world, her mother's cup of bitterness was full. So one evening, a fortnight later, James Keely came home to find his wife gone, and the deserted Mary alone in the dingy city rooms. A bit of paper in a conspicuous place bore an explanatory scrawl. "You needn't look for me, for I'll never come back," it said; and after that for twenty-five years there had come neither tale nor tidings of Mary's mother.

Meanwhile she was living all the years in the Wexford village where she was born, and to which she had trudged the long road after she had deserted her husband and child. She had never informed kin or neighbor of her marriage, and she returned home as a single woman, and resumed her maiden name. A lady of the neighborhood who had a taste for fancy fowl gave her employment as henwife. The fowl were penned in a little clearing of the dense woods that encircled this lady's castle. It was just the employment for Mary's mother, far away from the human folk she cynically distrusted. She spent her days there attending the fowl, with only the cooing of wood-doves and the cluck of her charges to break the silence, and at night crept home to her locked-up cabin in the village street, ideally content with her isolation.

The only trouble was that, as years passed by, and the savings from her pay as henwife began to gather to the lump of riches that was afterwards Mary's "lob," fortune-hunters gathered on the trail of her gold. In time the sum came to be thirty pounds, hidden in a stocking-foot in the thatch of her cabin. Once it got bruited about that she had the money, it became a serious uneasiness to her. No more were those long, quiet days full of satisfaction to her: if she left the money at home, thieves might be on the track of it; if she brought it with her—well, no place could be more suitable for robbing a lone woman than that clearing in Knockaderry Woods. Outside these fears, the reputation of money-bags had its pleasant aspect. The old woman had a brother in the village with a shrewish wife and half a dozen aspiring daughters; she had numberless cousins; and nothing could have given her mocking old heart more pleasure than to accept the little presents and attentions which the would-be heirs began to pour in upon her. She let them run for a while, till her fears outweighed her satisfaction, and then she made up her mind to discover Mary, the rightful inheritor of her fortune, if she was still living. She brought her secret to the parish priest, and through his agency Mary was found and informed of her surprising good fortune.

Mary invariably describes Canon Gething as "stand-off and a man of few words;" and he kept his parishioner's strange secret as closely as she could desire. While the search for Mary was in progress, Marget Keely thawed visibly towards friend and neighbor. Her brother Jack wondered what had come over the old woman, for occasionally, in the midst of affectionate intercourse with him and his family, whom she had held at arm's length for years, she would break out into chuckling laughter and walk out rubbing her withered old hands. I fear this exultation was rather due to the disappointment lying in wait for some good folk than to any pleasure in the prospect of meeting her long-lost daughter, without whom she had existed very comfortably for quite a quarter of a century.

However, this altered demeanor in Marget emboldened the folk to make their little offerings, which were received with a satirical cordiality somewhat disquieting to the givers. By the May evening on which she expected Mary her little larder was comfortably stocked. One had brought a little bit of American bacon, a second a head of cabbage, a third a trifle of tea, and so on; for emulation inspired the offerings to come in a flood. All these Marget received with the enigmatical remark: "Thank ye kindly, kind neighbors. Sure, God is good, and maybe there'd be more nor myself to thank ye for your kind presents." However, it was put down to Marget's well-known eccentricity. But the village street was fluttered uncomfortably when, all in the hour of dew and bird-singing, there came down from the railway station Matty Byrne, the porter, rolling a box on a truck, and directing with an important air a stranger girl to Marget Keely's house. Worse than all, the stranger regarded them with the cold and suspicious glare which had been Marget's in her youngest days, and which was quite recognizable in her old womanhood. The stranger dismissed Matty Byrne curtly at the door-step, pushed her modest box over the threshold, followed it within, and closed the door.

Kilmacbarry was scarcely more curious than we to hear how mother and daughter met after the parting of a lifetime. Mary drew no sentimental veil over it so far as we were concerned. "I looked at her, and she looked at me, and then she said, 'Well, Mary,' and I said, 'Well, mother,' and then she said, 'You promised to be better-lookin'; you've grown up a fine, strong girl, an' good for the work,

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but yalla an' bad-lookin'.'" Mary repeated this unflattering verdict on her looks with absolute *sang-froid*.

After Mary came, Marget Keely failed rapidly, and took no unconscionable time a-dying. The months during which she lingered swallowed up nearly half the "lob." Mary kept one eye on her mother and the other on the internal polity of the little town, for she has an insatiable curiosity despite her little love of her kind. I know all the personages of Kilmacbarry, from Canon Gething and "Archdagon"—as Mary calls the parson, with a curious suggestion of a brazen image—down to Mary Shaw, the champion litigant of a most litigious little village. Your Irish peasant, for all his distrust of the law, takes to it with a fatal passion, and there is no one who needs more patience than the kindly country magistrate whose lodge-gates may give on the village street. However, the annals of Kilmacbarry must rest for me this time.

When Marget lay a-dying, her frugality came into full play. Her last injunctions to Mary were about her wake and funeral, subjects of exquisite fascination to the Irish peasant mind. "Get a dozen white mold candles, at sixpence, from McCutcheon's," was her instruction. "Keep one burning at my head and feet as long as I'm above ground. After that, if there's more than four candles left, bring them back to the shop an' get the money for them; if there's less, light them on the altar to light me into glory." And again: "Bury me in Kilmacbarry, for if you take me to Dunleavy it'll cost you the hire of a hearse, an' four shillin's for ringin' the bell; but here the neighbors 'll carry me across the road, and you can give Jack Gilbride the hens towards the price of the coffin an' for ringin' the bell into the bargain." She prayed to die at the end of the week, so that she might have a big Sunday funeral; and her prayer was granted.

Mary paid most of the expenses of the funeral in kind, with her mother's crockery and furniture. Her only considerable expense was the payment of five shillings for pre-empting a grave in Kilmacbarry. The graveyard had been some time disused, and Mary's priest of few words was much disinclined to permit another grave to be opened there. But Mary talked him out of his opposition, and even held a right to the grave. "I promised him," she said, "that I'd bury no one there but myself, but I wouldn't give in to him that I'd have no right to open it, for I might have a fancy to be buried there." However, as the time goes by and Kilmacbarry grows dim in distance, Mary is inclined to regret the five shillings she paid for the pre-emption. But at least she sunk the iron cross which marks the grave in her mother's old chopping-block instead of in stone, as it was suggested to her. "The chopping-block 'll last her time an' mine," she said, "unless it's robbed, and if it is robbed it 'ud be no consolation to me to have my four shillin's in it."

The morning after the funeral, Mary departed at break of day from her mother's house, and walked some miles to a distant station, lest her affectionate relatives should be on the track of the "lob." She deposited the treasure at a post-office savings bank in far-distant County Dublin, with a well-founded distrust of the discretion of postal officials in Kilmacbarry. In that little town, indeed, a letter is usually inspected by every person who happens to be in the good graces of the postmaster, long before the information drifts some chance way to the addressee that there's a letter lying for him this week back at the post-office. The letter is handled inside and out, and the envelope queezed so as to afford, if possible, a glimpse at the contents. I have never heard that the inviolability of the post-office stamp is further profaned; but I do know that the contents of the letter are invariably the property of several persons before they reach the owner thereof.

That is how Mary came to be an heiress. Her wealth has rather increased than diminished her cynical distrust of human honesty; yet it has brought no fortune-hunters her way. She is too thorny a rose, I fear, for the hands of man. I don't think she will have any more adventures. She has, indeed, grown so fat and comfortable that she is content not to wander far from the kitchen, where her qualities are appreciated and her humor is an unfailing delight. Nothing I have told of Mary bears upon this special quality of acrid humor, with its accompaniments of marvelous mimicry and a memory for words and expressions that never fails. So you must take my word for her for the present.

The Wet-Blanket Family

By the Rev. Uriah Xerxes Buttles, D.D.

As the Wet-Blankets, like the Poverties, seem to be universally diffused over the face of the earth, it is probable that Providence sees in them an element necessary to our spiritual well-being, just as a certain per cent. of ozone in the air is conducive to a high state of health. It is certain that, however radically the various branches of this great family differ in outwardness of complexion, noses, hair, conformation of crania, and brain-weight, they are identical in their fine, ingrained power of lowering the spirits and refrigerating their surroundings. And whatever they are not, they are an ancient family, as witness the Wet-Blankets who visited Job in his affliction, or, to go back to still earlier days, the Wet-Blankets who nagged at Noah. Ten to one a Wet-Blanket assisted you into the world, and will assist you out of it, remarking in the one case, "I must say I've seen better-looking babies," and likely to remark in the other, "Not what I call a handsome corpse!" Ten to one, too, if we escape near blood-kinship with the tribe, we marry into it.

The first Wet-Blanket I recollect was my Aunt Elizabeth, the dry-nurse of my childhood. When she felt amiable she would assure me that I looked just like her cousin Zebidee Buttles, who was, she averred, "the homeliest man ever born." When I attempted a task and performed it to the best of my ability, she would sometimes praise me by admitting that it was not bad for a boy with Dutch blood in his veins. "'Dutch' and 'dull' both begin with 'd,'" she would say, "and there's something in it." When I displeased her she assured me, in tones with an ear-grating edge, that I was "the worst child that ever breathed the breath of life."

Another Wet-Blanket was Uncle Cassius Webb, who was very black, very old, and, to my childish imagination, very wise. He made a living collecting wood-ashes and fat scraps and converting them into soft soap, and appeared in spring with the robins. "Ye won't fine diss yur worl' sich a mons'ous putty place one dese yur days," he would say, shaking his round head, when I insisted that he admire the dandelions, the chickweed, and other beauties my sharp eyes found in my three-feet world. "Diss yur's a wale o' tears an' tribberlations an' warious hard jobs, all 'flictin' to de spine o' yur back, 'cording to dare size. Bettah be ur doll, son, dan a chile. Yessir. Chilun has tur hab measles an' mumps an' chick'n-pox an' a right sma't passel ob tings, all necessitatin' bad dopes tur swaller an' costive bills tur yoo pa. An' when yoo gits ol'er tain't no bettah, fo' dar's rheumatiz, an' yoo eyes a-gittin' dim, an' yoo ears plum deaf, an' yoo natural fo'ces baitin', cordin' tur Scriptur. Yas, honey, it's a mons'ous turrible ting tur be bawn, fo' wanct youse hyur, hyur you is, an' yoo can't he'p yoosef. Laws-a-mussy me!" When his catalogue of prospective woes had set me howling with anticipatory fear, Uncle Cassius would calmly spit on his hands and nimbly dispose of the winter's accumulation of ashes, while he hummed, in a fine baritone, "And I am called to die," a camp-meeting tune with a melody of sunny quality in E major.

Then there was Jane Brown, a young lady who, for a stipend of two dollars a week, did our kitchen work. She had projecting front teeth, and rolled her front hair over the broomstick on dress occasions. She always looked for rain on Monday, and always prophesied that the bread was not going to be fit to eat, and the cake was going through the bottom of the oven, until the contrary was proven. My red hair always snarled when she brushed it, and it was through her discernment that I found out that my

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eyes are not mates. "I don't expect anything but that I'll tear my new dress, and wet my feet, and get the toothache, and bring on a headache till I'm most crazy," she said to her beau as they started off to enjoy Independence Day doings at Tully, a festivity for which she had made long and careful preparation. "An' if I was you, Hennery John Slocum, I'd git some other colored gingham for cravats besides buff. It makes you dreadful bilious-looking, with your poor skin."

"My land!" cried the badgered Henry, "if you ain't a-lookin' for nothin' but misfortunes, and you think I'm humblier 'n old Time in th' primer, whut are you a-goin' with me fur?"

From the time I entered Miss Mitts's Select School until I graduated from the Theological Seminary, I knew many Wet-Blankets. There was Warner Tidd, who used to pretend to be burned by my hair, and who cooled off my delight in my first party by drawing the company's attention to the fact that my suit was made out of my father's old one; and Sammy Jacobs, who always told me in inaccessible places if anything was to pay with my garments, say at Sunday-school, or on other occasions when repairs were impossible; and Jack Appleby, who had a way of sniffing that would upset a boy completely, whether he was trying to skate on Krebb's pond or getting through the explanation of a sum in miscellaneous examples. And there were girls—but I forbear. At college it was no better. There were even more facilities for the Wet-Blankets to put one in a cold pack. Commencement day, the close of my theological course, I attempted to be a credit to myself and the institution. White vests and square-toed boots were just then the fashion, and I had both. It goes without saying that I took immense pains with my oration, and practiced it in the retirement of the cemetery until my throat was raw and the tombstones tired. I do not mind admitting that when I sat down with two bouquets as big as pumpkins in my hands, and half a dozen or more ranged about me on the floor, and mopped the perspiration from my brow, I felt proud of myself. But an instant later Dr. Waggy, editor of the "Church Organ," whispered in my ear: "Very pretty, Buttles, very pretty. But when you are older you'll be wiser;" and going to our rooms across the college campus, Dick Jones, my whilom roommate, advised me not to wear a white vest and square-toed boots again. "I didn't realize just how you'd look, or I'd 'a' told you afore," he said, with the maddening freedom of an old acquaintance. "Makes you thick in the middle, you know, that vest. Kind of like an old dad, and countrified; and square toes make your feet so broad!"

But it is after the first enthusiasm of youth is gone that we recoil most painfully from the chill and oppressive quality of the Wet-Blankets. Head and heart have alike slowed down in pressure, and consequently in temperature, and we long for tonics and stimulants, not lowering treatment; and this longing is, I believe, at the bottom of our unconscious avoidance of certain persons Wet-Blanket in blood if not in name, and is the reason of the social isolation of many men and women of advancing years; for, like other peculiarities, the Wet-Blanket strain, if it is in one—and it is in us all more or less—is prone to crop out as one grows older. Now, when I first came to Griggsville, Mr. Elkanah Soper was average cheerful to meet and have about; but now, no matter with what feelings you set out for a morning walk, if you meet him you are sure to return feeling that life is a dubious blessing. Is it sunshiny, he declares the grass crop will be a failure. Is it raining, he assures you the potatoes and corn are rotting. A warm day in winter he prophesies will fill the graveyard, and a cold one he grumbles himself hoarse declaring will fill the town with galloping consumption. How any one can have the courage to join our church after hearing Philetus Scrann talk is a constant surprise to me, for, according to him, we are the very worst collection of professing Christians on the planet. Every Wednesday evening he tells the Lord publicly how lukewarm and contemptible we are, and other days he tells each one of us his opinion of our own doings and the doings of the other members, and his opinion is never pleasant. A mistake is a crime to him, and never in all his life has he been conscious that he might make one; and yet, poor man! he suffers that he is not liked. Then there is Mrs. Bradawl. When I see her bearing down on the parsonage, I flee, when it is possible. Once I tore my Sunday coat scaling the back fence, and once I hopelessly shrunk my second-best trousers wading Turkey Creek to the same end. Mrs. Buttles cannot escape, and why should two suffer, when one can get away? "Our church is pretty well run down, in my opinion," she declared the last time she cornered me. "Over to Pontiac they have additions *so* often. And no wonder, for Dr. Gibblet is *so* interesting since he returned from the Holy Land. Quite a run of luck, his mother-in-law's sending him for a two years' stay! I heard him last Sunday on the Pyramids. *So* interesting in connection with *Moses*, and brought to mind our trip down the Nile. We have so little here in Griggsville I *have* to get away just so often to be roused."

Timothy Pegg, who owns the pickle-factory, is another being I avoid when I can, excellent man though he is in many ways. In spite of myself, he fills me with dread about the political situation. According to him, every man in office is either a dunce or a rogue. While the Republicans were in power he took delight in assuring me that Washington was filled with imbeciles, and the country was going to the dogs at the rate of a mile a minute. Now he is even more certain that our capital is little better than an idiot asylum, and he thinks the rate at which we are approaching the ravening canines is increasing in speed. The Prohibitionists he calls "visionaries," and for Populists he has names not to be transcribed. In the intervals that his political nerve-center demands rest, he complains of Griggsville. "Most unfriendly place I ever saw,' he confided to me last week. "To be sure, I know it pretty well, having always lived there, but I go around some. Yes, I ought to know what I am talking about. All they think I'm good for is to make vinegar and pickles. I don't like it. Times ain't what they was. Folks are different." I might go on describing Wet-Blankets by the ream, but conservation of energy forbids. I will close by admitting that my secret ambition is to discover some combination by which the Wet-Blanket blood can be depurated, at least in some degree. I know it is not safe to meddle with designs of Providence and the equilibrium of nature, and that in the case of the full-bloods there is not much hope that they can be brought to see their need of medication. But these are days when youth is at a premium, and age strives to retain the appearance if not the fact of life's prime. The Wet-Blankets age quickly, and the chill aura which envelops them is to sensitive beings like frost-burn, and is aging to encounter. I go back, however, to my waiting sermon conscious that such spiritual chemistry is beyond me, and that, as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the last days, and "there is no help in us."

Indigenous Surnames

In connection with this subject a writer in "The Speaker" says: "Phonetics, ignorance of family tradition, and servile shame, one or the other, or all together, account for such American names as Locklen (from O'Loughran), Mahone and Mahan (from Mahoney and McMahon), and scores of others. Many German names are becoming very American-looking on the mere process of Englishing the orthography. Thus Coon and Cuney (from Khune), Muller (from Müller), Coit (from Khaut). After all, the phonetic spelling accounts perhaps for most of these indigenous American surnames. When one considers the operations of this terrible law, one trembles to think what the nomenclature of the face of the country itself would have become had not the most difficult names of places been written safely down on the maps by literate explorers before the extempore scrivener of the West endeavored to transmute them with his American pen into the accents with which he had managed to get round them with his American tongue."

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The Home

Wellesley College

By Marion Pelton Guild

Wellesley's rapid growth in numbers and reputation is not more remarkable than the swift and steady advance in her intellectual achievement. Obliged, at the start, to adapt her demands to the universal lack of preparation —lack even of the proper conception of preparation— among candidates of that date, she pressed forward until, in six or seven years, her standard of admission and courses of study compared creditably with those of our leading colleges for young men. In 1893 a revised curriculum was adopted, which amply maintains her place among progressive American colleges. This curriculum covers the former four years' work, and leads to the degree of B.A. Its most important feature is its great extension of the freedom of choice. It provides for about one-third required work, one-third wholly elective, and one-third partially so. Under the last head each student is required to take six courses, arranged as follows: "Either (*a*) three in each of two subjects, or (*b*) three or four courses in one subject, with three or two courses in one or two tributary subjects." This restriction of a portion of the elective work aims to secure some continuity of effort and worthiness of result, while it still permits the student to deal with her chosen specialties.

The young women find noteworthy aid in laying out their individual courses of study, in the privilege which is given them of consulting the Board of Advisers—a committee of the Faculty particularly appointed for the purpose.

All the work, required as well as elective, has possibilities of peculiar value from the fact that the number of the Faculty is unusually large in proportion to that of the students. There is thus opportunity for handling the latter in small divisions, insuring attention to each separate student. This advantage is most marked in the higher elective courses. The College has thus far refrained from intermitting these on account of any smallness in the number of students desiring them—a distinction of which she is justly proud. The resulting intimacy between professor and pupil, along lines especially congenial to both, has borne rich fruit in scholarship and character.

The great bulk of the work at Wellesley is done in the regular course for the B.A. degree. By an arrangement of many years' standing, a systematic training in music or art may be combined with this course by extending it through five years instead of four. Special students who are properly fitted are welcomed as far as they can be accommodated, particularly teachers who wish to devote a year or more to progress in their chosen subjects. Graduate work is warmly encouraged, especially when aiming at a Master's degree.

The courses in mathematics and languages, while thorough and scholarly, present less exceptional features than those in some other departments. The scientific courses are all pursued experimentally by the constant use of the carefully equipped laboratories. The laboratory method is applied also to history and English literature with admirable success. Among the newer lines of work may be mentioned that in philology, systematizing and supplementing the study of individual languages and adding a course in Sanskrit; the instruction in pedagogics, which is being gradually increased and is so valuable to young women who intend to become teachers; and the experimental course in physiological psychology. An important advance has lately been made in the department of rhetoric and English composition. The course has been greatly extended, new and stimulating methods have been introduced, and the outcome is a corresponding enthusiasm and improvement on the part of the students.

Wellesley has recognized from the first the vital necessity of sound health as the basis of successful scholarship; of the *mens sano in corpore sano*. The most careful attention has been given to the drainage of the grounds and the proper construction of the buildings. There are two resident physicians. The young women are encouraged to wholesome habits of life; and the wide-spread, beautiful grounds afford tempting opportunities for outdoor exercise and amusements. Boating, bicycling, tennis, skating, and coasting are all popular forms of recreation. The gymnasium is conducted according to the most advanced methods of physical culture. The students are thoroughly examined before beginning their training there, and accurately measured as to the size and strength of different parts of the body. They are then assigned exercises which are especially adapted to their individual needs. At the end of the course new measurements are taken, and compared with the former ones. The anthropometrical tables thus obtained not only serve to register most gratifying developments in health and strength among the Wellesley students, but are a distinct contribution to the science of the subject. Owing to the great and unexpected increase of members at the College, the gymnasium has become inadequate, and the work has been hampered by that fact. But much has been accomplished by bringing the outdoor sports, such as rowing and wheeling, under the direction of the enthusiastic head of the gymnasium. A new movement in this direction is the laying out of an athletic field, where the young women will be able to practice vigorous exercises under careful supervision, with the advantage of unlimited fresh air.

The social life of the place is cordial and helpful to a rare degree. The founders made every effort to give the College the character of a home; and to them every Wellesley girl was as a daughter. Mrs. Durant, whose honored face is still seen among them, continues to cherish this beautiful sentiment; and so much of it has been caught by the Faculty as to make their relations with the students unusually close and friendly. The system of domestic work, adopted from Mount Holyoke, by which each young woman is expected to spend forty-five minutes a day in some light employment which conduces to the common good, tends to preserve this simple, household character of the institution.

Wellesley's charities are many and far-reaching. Most happily she unites with an active interest in foreign missions a habit of keeping closely in touch with the work for humanity at her own door. Her students are led to lend a helping hand to such charitable undertakings as the Boston Young Women's Christian Association, and such social experiments as the College Settlement; and are thus by degrees being knit into contemporary life and progress.

The cost of board and tuition at Wellesley is three hundred and fifty dollars a year; of tuition only, one hundred and fifty. There is an additional charge for instruction in music or art, except some elementary and theoretical courses. One of the College dwelling-houses is so arranged that students can live there at a less expense by giving more assistance in the domestic work. There are between thirty and forty scholarships; and a number of ladies who form the Students' Aid Society give invaluable help to many brave young women who are struggling against heavy odds for the higher education.

One cannot close even so cursory a sketch as this without referring to the great loss which the institution has lately sustained in the sudden death of its honored President. Under her care it had made a steady and honorable advance, and she had been to her students a living example of that noble and gracious womanhood for which they were striving. But the Divine Providence to whose care Wellesley was committed from before its foundation has brought it in peace and strength through the crisis of this bereavement; and the admirable quality of its Faculty has been all the more manifest in the unshrinking competency with which they have met the additional duties which the emergency has laid upon them.

The East Side House, the College Settlement at the foot of East Seventy-sixth Street, New York City, offers just now, when its corps of residents is small, an opportunity for the study of the social problems which are under experiment there. The situation and accommodations present many attractions—breezes, salt bathing, and athletics. Gentlemen who wish to avail themselves of these privileges for a few midsummer weeks may address the Manager, as above.

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The Work of the Day

Mr. Nathan Straus, of New York, who for several years has shown his interest in his fellow-man in the most practical way, is continuing the good work for children begun last year. He has established six depots for the sale of raw and sterilized milk and barley. The bacteriologist, Dr. Freeman, carefully examines both the raw and sterilized milk each week. The milk is not given away, but is sold. The sterilized milk is put into bottles of various sizes and sold at five cents a quart; the sterilized milk, diluted, in six-ounce bottles, at one cent each. Bottles are loaned, but a small deposit is required from each borrower. Powdered barley is sold at five cents a pound. Mr. Straus has consulted the best authorities on the subject of children's foods, and the food sold at the stations he has established is such as meets the requirements of these authorities. The sterilized milk is not subjected to a heat sufficient to render it indigestible, but enough to kill all bacteria that it may contain. Dr. Freeman has given the following formula for the feeding of babies under two years of age: One gallon of milk, one-half pint of lime-water, twelve ounces of sugared milk, three and three-quarter quarts of filtered water. This dilution is thoroughly mixed, drawn off into six-ounce bottles, and sterilized. It is then cooled and is ready for sale. Dr. Jacobi gives as a formula: One gallon of milk, one gallon of barley-water, twelve ounces of pure white sugar-cane. For older children, that is, children of two years, the following food is recommended: Put two tablespoonfuls of barley-powder in one pint of water, adding a pinch of salt. Cook for fifteen minutes on a slow fire and mix with half a pint of sterilized milk, for one meal. For children older than this, add more barley. This food may be sweetened if preferred. The herd from which the milk is drawn is under the care of a State veterinary surgeon, so that every protection that science can give to the food sold at these stations has been employed. Mr. Straus deserves the gratitude of the whole country for the energy and intelligence he has shown in his practical philanthropic work.

For the comfort of mothers with children, the dock at East Third Street is covered with an awning, and seats and baby-carriages are provided. With New York's magnificent water-front, it is a crime that it has been given so entirely to commercial purposes. Certain piers should have been reserved for the use of the citizens. It would have been possible to have roofed over some of the piers and made covered promenades on the roofs without interfering with commercial necessities.

Adaptable Conditions

Not long since we commented on the extravagance of suggestions for building and decorating which constantly appear in the columns of newspapers and magazines. An English medical journal has recently come out with the declaration that architects should bestir themselves to meet the requirements of modern life, and then goes on to urge that the architect, in designing a house, should always remember to design a room for contagious diseases, and then gives advice as to how this room should be arranged. It would be just as sensible to advise that a permanent catafalque should be built in every drawing-room or parlor, because of the possibility of its being needed.

Every house should be built to meet the requirements of the normal family life. Hard-wood floors are now possible to even the poor man. People have learned that draperies are entirely out of order in a bedroom. Comparatively few people in our day, except the poor, buy heavily carved furniture. Iron and brass bedsteads are driving out wood. Rattan furniture with movable cushions is displacing upholstered furniture. The whole trend of life is toward hygienic living, and the race must grow healthier because of the popularization of a knowledge of hygiene and sanitation. Even in tenement-houses the inmates are learning that a sink is not merely a place to throw water, but that it may be the breeding-place of disease. Both the State and the housekeeper have much higher standards than formerly to control the sale of foods as well as of food manufactures. Home life is certainly at a higher level than it was twenty years ago. More care is given to its sanitary conditions, the values of foods are better understood, education is now recognized as a part of the home life, and we are becoming a better people individually in spite of the formation of trusts and demoralization of financial depression. We talk more about the condition of the poor, and for that reason it would seem as though the poor must suffer more than when we heard less about them; but it is a healthy sign when wealth and education both give their attention to poverty and ignorance. To have an evil seen means that it must be remedied. When it is hidden it is unknown, and grows, nurtured by the indifference of ignorance.

Every house in our day is so arranged that it can be adapted to the emergencies of sickness. To be prepared for a burglar one need not sit at the door with a gun. The curves and breaks of modern architecture are but an indication of the freedom and comprehension of modern home life. The house is built for health. It provides light and air. Halls are no longer tunnels, and the parlor is not a tomb for the use of a chance caller.

Moral Blindness

Recently one of the trades journals gave an incident that is altogether too common. A letter had been received from a lady in a Western city asking for directions for the purchase of paper, rugs, and furniture for her house. The letter was referred to a well-known decorator. The correspondence then continued between the decorator and the would-be purchaser. Special designs were drawn for mantels. The decorator spent about a week in selecting appropriate patterns of wall-papers for various apartments in harmony with a scheme of decoration which he had thought out and reduced to writing. This he submitted to his client, who approved it. Samples of carpets to about the amount of one hundred dollars were bought and sent West. By this time several months had been consumed; not because the matter required that length of time, but because of the many changes of opinion on the part of the purchaser. After the scheme was entirely completed, all her conditions made, she concluded that she did not want any mantelpieces, or wall-papers, or carpets, or anything; nor would she make good her promise to pay the professional decorator for the time and expense which her commission had involved. Every right-minded person sees the dishonesty in this transaction. The pity of it is that a corresponding lack of moral perception manifests itself in so many other ways.

A Morning Incident

The intense heat is responsible for much of the bad humor displayed in summer. A man was getting on the elevated railroad train at the City Hall, although the bell had rung for the train to move on. He was evidently in a hurry, and pushed by the guard, who did not move at all out of his way. As the man stepped on the car, he said: "I thought I was in a civilized city." The guard retorted, "You are. Some people in it are not civilized." The man, looking over his shoulder as he went through the door, said, "So I see." All the cross-seats of the car were partly occupied, but the man, who was rather large, crowded himself into the seat with another large man, and seemed to resent with much indignation the fact that it was occupied. He fidgeted and fumed as though it were a personal infringement of his rights that he did not have a whole seat to himself. The man had a good face. One could not help but feel that he was a gentleman, and that the weather was entirely responsible for his display of bad manners and impatience.

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Some Evolutionized Ear-marks

It is claimed that the gripmen who run the trolley and cable cars grow one-sided; that one side is very much stronger than the other. Certainly we shall be a strangely developed people after a time. The "bicycle stoop" is giving us one peculiar form of development. As a proof of one of the results, the following conversation was reported as taking place between two bicyclists: "The country was beautiful yesterday, was it not?" "I do not know," was the response; "I never see anything but my wheel." Watching a procession of bicyclists raises the question whether any exercise that involves such a posture for any length of time can be healthful.

The "lawn-tennis stride" is responsible for the peculiar walk that bears that name—one arm crooked at the elbow, the other hanging straight down, the hand grasping an imaginary racket swinging like a pendulum. The stubby and disfigured hands of the baseball-player, and the many scars and bruises, temporary and permanent, of the football-player, promise a physical evolution that will mark us as Americans, if not as beautiful.

Cruelty in the Kitchen

Dear Outlook:

I doubt not that many of your readers have, like myself, troubled thoughts at the prolonged sufferings which lobsters usually meet before death finally relieves them. The inclosed statement will probably be welcome to many and duly appreciated. The "Animal World," London, says:

Ignorance is very busy among those who handle fish; and, though every one knows how to destroy a fish at once by a blow at the back of its head, carelessness often forgets to see it done. Fish suffer in the air after they are landed as we should suffer if our heads were under water, because their gills, through which they breathe, cannot act without the pressure of the water going through them. We, under water, cannot breathe in the same fashion as they do, and thus we struggle till death releases us; so do the fish on land.

We are often willfully and ignorantly cruel in our way of killing lobsters and crabs. To kill crabs properly, they should, before boiling, be thrust through with a sharp steel right through the mouth and body at one blow. Then they are dead directly.

The eel tribe suffers terribly. So difficult is it, apparently, to kill eels that people have even ceased to try to kill them at all. . . . If their heads were but cut off before they were otherwise handled, they would not suffer pain. Terrapins also should be mercifully killed before being cooked.

When a lobster is required for boiling or broiling, insert a narrow-bladed knife into the third joint of the tail, severing the spinal cord, which will cause instant death. It is certainly cruel to put them into the water alive, especially if it is not boiling, as they then suffer a slow, lingering death.

It is a well-known fact that experienced and intelligent fishermen, desiring to preserve the best possible flavor, strike the fish immediately on taking it from the water with a blow on the head that kills it at once, as a lingering, suffering death not only injures the flavor but makes any meat more or less unwholesome. Besides, from a humane point of view, this subject should claim the attention of all who lay claim to sentiments of mercy. The day, fortunately, is drawing to a close when cruel ways and methods are either becoming or Christian. G. K.

Our Circus

By Grace L. Collin

It came about in this way. School had closed for the long summer vacation, and we were carrying home our slates and books, and the same collection of things that had gotten together in our desks during the year. We were all so glad that it would be ten weeks before we heard the school-bell ring again that every now and then we stopped and yelled. Then we began talking about what we were going to do that summer. Tommy Jones and his sister were going to the seashore the next week, and Mollie and Bessie Sanderson said they "would leave for the White Mountains on the twentieth." You see, Mr. Sanderson was Mayor, so we always excused the Sanderson girls when they talked that way.

But neither Bob nor Tim Halliday nor I were going away that summer at all, because there was "a stringency in the financial market." We often wondered what sort of a place a financial market was; but the fact remained that, while a lot of our schoolmates were going away, we were to stay at home. We were not at all cast down about it, for we were independent youngsters, and didn't care a bit about taking a summer trip to be stylish when we knew we could have just as good a time at home.

So Tim and Bob and I were walking along behind the others. We were great chums. I always liked to play with them better than with the girls. In fact, I didn't get along at all well with girls. They were so fond of sitting under the pine-tree in Gussie Wood's front yard, and sewing on dolls' clothes. They wore fresh cambric dresses and slippers, too, and had their hair smoothly braided. I hated dolls, and I didn't have any hair to braid, so I always felt as if I didn't belong under the pine-tree. So I played mumbletypeg in the gutter with the boys, or duck on a rock, or chalk corners, or wolf. I'm afraid that the girls didn't like me very well.

But I must tell you about the circus. We three were wishing that we could give some parting celebration, to show the rest that we hoped they'd enjoy themselves, and to give them a sample of the times that we were going to have by ourselves. Then we passed a billboard of the circus that had been in town the week before, and the same idea struck all three of us—we would give a circus! So we went right home to talk it over, and Bob, who was the most orderly boy that I have ever seen, took out from his school-bag a sheet of foolscap and a pencil to write out a programme. In the first place, the menagerie must be supplied. Rich material lay ready at our hands. My gray cat would be the tiger, and the poodle the lion; the Brahma chickens would be fine ostriches, and—yes—we would catch the neighborhood cats, and ornament them in stripes and spots with blacking for zebras and leopards. We could easily make a collection "both entertaining and instructive" (as our Reader said) of caterpillars and bugs, and put them under the round wire covers used on the table to keep the flies off the dishes. Tim proposed a thrilling scene of "The Rescue of a Pilgrim by a Dog of the Noble Breed of St. Bernard," to be performed by his collie with one of my dolls. For the ossified man my jointed doll would be fine, and we found that the rag baby, with the addition of the mattress of the doll's bed, made an ideal Fat Lady. As for the Living Skeleton, we poured almost all the sawdust out of another doll, and then ran hairpins up the spine to prevent his utter collapse, for he was very limp. We were growing enthusiastic. We felt that we were in our true element in such projects as these, and we lamented the hours wasted in such profitless labor as over the multiplication table.

Yet we were not quite satisfied with our collection. To be sure, the cow would be an elephant and the horse a rhinoceros, but we were pining for boa-constrictors, when Tim proposed that we should catch some snakes the next day down in the Inlet swamp; so we considered the menagerie complete.

Next we began considering the acrobatic features. We had a trapeze under the apple-tree, and we could all hang by one hand, "chin" ourselves, and throw kisses to an imaginary audience as we knelt on the bar. But now the audience need no longer be imaginary. We grew more and more excited. Tim could hang by his heels, Bob could juggle a knife, I could do some fancy rope-jumping, we could all balance broomsticks on our noses. It was not in vain that we had attended that last circus; we'd learned to do the pyramid act, and a lot more. Altogether we thought that we had a "dandy" show planned out.

We were utterly astonished when the supper-bell rang and told us that the afternoon was over. That evening we played hide-and-coop as usual, as long as it was light enough to see around corners and under bushes, but Bob and Tim were too intent upon more important things to play well, and I didn't get a single "home free," because I was wondering how I could make the costumes all by myself.

That was Wednesday, and we wanted the show to come off on Friday. The weather was pretty warm, but the boys slaved over that trapeze, while I, who was such a sworn foe of the needle, stitched away on the costumes. You see, Tim was to be the clown and Bob the ringmaster,

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and I was to be known as the Fairy Adèle. All my varied accomplishments were included under that name, the boys thought.

Friday morning it poured, and great puddles leaked in through the barn roof, and the air in the little barn grew very muggy. We were tired and discouraged as the critical time approached, and Bob scolded Tim, and Tim got mad. I said that they were both mean things, and sat down in the "Family Circle" of seats and cried hard. That was because I was a girl, the boys said, but they'd excuse me because I'd been such a brick about catching the snakes.

In the afternoon it cleared off beautifully. The rain had cooled the air, and we rubbed the puddles into the floor with newspapers. At four o'clock the audience began to arrive. Their tickets were cut out of old calling-cards that our mothers didn't care to keep, because they'd returned the calls, and we had printed "Our Circus" very carefully on each one. The price was three pins. Bob took them at the door, while Tim and I showed off the menagerie. Everybody thought that the animals were fine, and praised the collection so highly that I remember Bob said that I "grinned from ear to ear." Tim made a splendid show-master. We all told him that he had a great future before him; we knew that Barnum would be glad to have him. And he raised his eyebrows and said, "Very likely, very likely." The only trouble with Tim was that sometimes he was a little conceited.

Then we began the performances. Bob and Tim did beautifully, and I think that I did my part pretty well, too. We were right in the middle of the pyramid act when an awful knock came at the barn door. Bob opened the door, and found there five of the big boys. By the big boys I mean those who went to the Academy, and wore long trousers, and were beginning to feel their upper lips caressingly. I remember how indignant Howard Wilson was when, after he'd remarked that he must shave, I asked, "Shave what?" Well, there they stood, all in white flannel suits, gorgeous to behold. With their thumb and forefinger they drew the tickets from their vest-pockets and drawled that they'd drop in a while and see our little show. Bob and I were quite overcome, when Tim stepped up, looked at a ticket, and then, with flashing eyes, announced to the big boys, "Yer wrote them tickets yerselves!" Bob and I examined a ticket. Certainly that was not our printing. We could not have made a *C* like that if we'd tried all night. The cardboard was too heavy for calling-cards, too. "Sneaks! forgers!" we yelled. "Thought yer'd fool us, did yer? Get out of here!"

The audience rose to our assistance. There were about twenty little boys (I call them "little" to distinguish them from the "big" boys, you understand), not counting nine girls, and they were all determined that those big boys should not come in. The big boys did not reply to our taunts and abuses, but they stood close together, and when we were all out of breath Howard Wilson said, grimly: "We're goin' to see this show."

Thereupon began a free fight. I cannot say that it was the first that I had seen, because I remember very distinctly once seeing Tommy Jones and Bob Halliday pommeling each other and rolling into the gutter. But I never saw anything equal to this. A knot of little boys attacked each big boy, hanging on his arms and legs, and pinched and bit and scratched and pulled his hair. Then the big boy would throw them down, and cuff and shake them. It was awful. We girls screamed and begged them to stop. Sometimes a little boy would be stepped on and kicked. Tommy Jones, who is delicate, got a nose-bleed, and Marcia Harris, who has studied physiology, scared us almost to death by calling it a hemorrhage. The big boys used swear-words, too, and we girls wrung our hands and wept.

Then a brilliant idea occurred to little Bessie Brown. She remembered that she'd heard that a wet blanket being thrown on people always made them stop; why wouldn't it do here? "We could throw it from the loft," she said, "and maybe we'll prevent murder." So we girls rushed into the house and tore the blanket off my bed. Then we tied it to the bucket in the well and drew it up dripping with cold water. You see that my mother had fortunately gone for a long drive, so we weren't interrupted by any suggestions. We could hear the boys scuffling and yelling in the barn, but we couldn't tell whether anything serious had happened in our absence. Susie, Tommy Jones's sister, was sobbing with anxiety as we lugged the blanket up into the loft. There was such an awful dust we could hardly make out what was going on, but pretty soon we saw that Bob Halliday and Howard Wilson were the only ones fighting now, while the others were cheering them on. Then we dropped the wet blanket.

I had always supposed that a "wet blanket" was a figure of speech, but it is very practical. The result of its application in this case was simply wonderful. When upon those two heated, dusty, struggling, angry boys the great, cool, wet blanket descended and enveloped them, the noise stopped as if by magic. Everybody was so astonished that he didn't move or speak for a few moments. Then they pulled off the blanket. We called down to them not to fight any more—for our sakes—we couldn't stand it. Some of the boys had swollen lips, all of them were scratched and bruised, Bob Halliday couldn't see out of his right eye, and you can't imagine the state those white flannel suits were in.

When the big boys looked at each other they laughed; then we girls laughed; then the little boys looked at each other and laughed—a little—not very much. After that Howard Wilson spoke up and said: "See here, fellows; we've had enough of this; go on with your show and we'll get out—and, say, we're sorry we bothered you." Then he looked up at us, and, grimy and bloody as he was, we girls declared afterwards that he looked like a real knight as he bowed and said, "We thank the young ladies for their kind services."

Thereupon out came Bob from the crowd of little boys and said, "That's all right, Howard; and, say, we'd like to have you in this show; let's give it again to-morrow, and you help us." The big boys whispered a few moments, and we heard Howard say, "It'll be great sport—come on, fellows, let's do it!"

So the real circus came off on Saturday afternoon. It was elegant. The big boys gave us wonderful new ideas. They worked hard, and they didn't boss us a bit, either. We had three rings, and an india-rubber man, and a chariot race.

Since that circus, somehow, the division between the big boys and the little boys hasn't been so marked. I get along better with the girls, too. I found that it was quite pleasant to darn stockings under the pine-tree, and I taught the girls to play mumbletypeg in the gutter. There wasn't a fight among the boys all that summer, either.

So, on the whole, I think that our circus was a success.

Folk-Stories in the South Seas

By Martha Burr Banks

Stories are told all over the globe, and even the natives of the islands of the Southern Pacific have a store of legends of their own, most of which have been formed from their queer ideas and quaint fancies about life and the things that they have found around them.

Some of these people used to have a strange explanation about the manner in which the world came to be arranged as we now see it. At first, as they said, the heavens were so close to the earth that men could only crawl about under them, but at last there was a man who thought that he would try to raise them to a more convenient distance. By putting forth all his strength he succeeded in lifting them, first as high as the top of a small plant about four feet tall, next to the height of a tree, and, thirdly, as far as the top of a mountain. Then, after a long season of rest, he once more braced his shoulders against the sky, and managed to heave it into its present position. He was helped in his work, it was thought, by millions of dragon-flies, which with their wings cut the cords that bound the heavens to the earth. This imaginary being

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was worshiped as a god, under the name of "The Elevator of the Heavens," until the people learned of a better kind of religion.

In New Zealand there are many notions about fairies. Most of the people of the island are dark in complexion, but some of the children have fair skins and red cheeks. It was once believed that these fair children were changelings, left by the fairies in place of the native babies. The fairies are said to look like the English, and to be equal to grasshoppers for multitude.

According to one of the stories, there was once a man named Red Cloak, who came one night upon some of the fairy-folk fishing on the seashore. He had fair hair, so they thought at first that he was one of their own kind; but when they found at dawn that he was a mortal, they fled in alarm, leaving behind them their canoe, which was made of flax, and their net, which was made of rushes. Red Cloak took the net home, learned to make one like it, and taught the art to his children. This is believed by the natives to be the origin of the kind of nets still used in New Zealand.

A boy called Hatu Patu is the hero of another story. After the fashion of the youngest of the family in many fairy tales, he outwitted his elder brothers, who were unkind to him, and won a great name for himself. But at last he was caught by a woman who had wings like a bird, and a mouth so pointed that she could spear fish with it. She kept him in captivity in a cave full of tame birds and lizards, and crowded with treasures, among which were cloaks of parrot-feathers and two-handled wooden swords. One day, when the woman was away on a journey, Hatu Patu killed all the birds but one, and ran away. The bird that was left flew after its mistress, singing "Riro-riro," which meant "gone away."

The woman hastened after her escaped prisoner, and, with her long strides, would soon have overtaken him had he not known of a charm that made a rock open to him and give him shelter. However, she caught sight of him when he came out of his retreat, and again pursued him. After a long chase he led her to some sulphur springs, over which he jumped, and the woman, not knowing that the water was boiling, in her desire to reach him, walked straight into one of the pools, and was killed.

This last tale is not unlike some of the old fables of other countries, which fact goes to prove that mankind is much the same, in many points, in every part of the world.

The Vacation Fund

So much that is depressing has been said about the condition of the working-girls during the past winter that we gladly record these pleasant impressions.

Last year we corresponded with a member of a firm employing a number of girls. The subject of correspondence was the arranging for board at Cherry Vale for about half of the girls employed by this firm.

This spring, or rather in the late winter, the following letter was received from one of the members of the firm:

New York, March 31, 1894.

I wrote you last summer in behalf of our young women desirous of spending their vacations at Cherry Vale. I showed to them the copies containing descriptions of the house, etc., and now that we have just started a reading club, you may be interested to know that the first paper they decided unanimously to take was The Outlook. It is the first one they have subscribed for, too; the others they buy at present each week.

I inclose one dollar for a six months' trial.

They assess each member of their club five cents each week, and are now taking, besides The Outlook, "Harper's Weekly," "Illustrated London News," "Illustrated American," "Life," and, on trial, "Waverley Magazine;" also, among the monthlies, "St. Nicholas," "The Delineator," and "The Ladies' Home Journal."

Can you suggest any improvement in the list, or any additions which you think would be especially valuable? Our young women are more intelligent than most of those engaged in factory work.

Also, can you inform me where I can get any reduced rates on a list of this size? The cheaper the papers can be had, the more they will be enabled to take.

Perhaps a subscription agency could best help us when we accumulate enough surplus to make further subscriptions. Kindly answer this at your leisure. Any information you may be willing to give us will be gratefully appreciated by

Yours very truly, F. B. M.

Further correspondence resulted in an invitation from the writer of the letter to visit the workroom, or rather to visit the building. One bright day early in May the writer went down, and there will always remain a vision of that building as a result of that visit. From top to bottom the building was scrupulously clean. The hour was noontime. In a room opening off of one of the workrooms were marble basins, roller-towels, sponges, soap-dishes, and a sink. Above the sink were shelves, on which were cups, saucers, plates, spoons, etc. A gas-stove with a teakettle and teapot gave evidence of the provision made for the comfort of the girls employed. The writer was to speak to the girls on the subject of Summer Vacations. They were gathered in a room so delightfully clean as to convince the visitor that men would make better housekeepers than women, and the passing thought came as to whether we were going through a process of revolution, the women to become the lawmakers and the men the housekeepers. Doubtless this was due to the state of mental chaos brought about by attending meetings and listening to arguments for and against woman suffrage, with a result of slightly unbalancing the mind. The girls were most neatly dressed, and, of course, there was no excuse for untidiness of the hands or hair in such an establishment as this. The forewoman was the President of their reading club. The relationship of the girls to each other and to their forewoman was plainly that of comradeship based on mutual respect and the consciousness that justice was the ruling spirit of those workrooms. One could well believe the statement that the girls left only to be married. Leaving the building and thinking over what it meant to girls to work eight hours a day in such an atmosphere and under such men, a new vision of what philanthropy really was came to the writer. Every employer who provides healthful workrooms, pays market wages, and takes a human interest in his employees, does more to keep this world sweet, clean, and happy than all the so-called philanthropic effort of men and women who stand apart from the working people except on the philanthropic basis.

Previously acknowledged	$2,918 64
Helpful Circle of King's Daughters, Foxboro', Mass	5 00
Mrs. C. H. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.	5 00
Miss A. D. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1 00
Miss R. H. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1 00
R. H. B., Middletown, Conn.	2 00
M. A. H. B., Middletown, Conn.	5 00
From a Class of Girls, Park Church Sunday-School, Elmira, N. Y.	5 00
M. E. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.	22 00
V. G. L., Fulton, N. Y.	2 00
A Subscriber, La Crosse, Wis.	2 00
J., New Milford, Conn.	1 00
Mrs. J. C. C., Corning, N. Y.	3 00
Mrs. M. O., Corning, N. Y.	3 00
Mrs. M. E. G., Ithaca, N. Y.	2 00
Proceeds of a Fair gotten up by sixteen little boys and girls living at Clifton, Staten Island	10 00
C. M. M., Englewood, N. J.	10 00
E. L. K., Waterbury, Conn.	5 00
P. H. M.	3 00
Mrs. T. C. F., Chicago, Ill.	2 00
Blooming Grove Circle King's Daughters, Blooming Grove, N. Y.	10 00
A. B. C., Elmira, N. Y.	5 00
Pupils of Mrs. W. F. Stearns's Home School, Amherst, Mass.	11 00
Willis C. Allen, Ottawa, Kan.	7 50
A Well-Wisher, Hartford, Conn.	5 00
Mrs. H. S., Winona, Minn.	10 00
J.	2 00
R., Plainfield, N. J.	5 00
Cash, Newfoundland, N. J.	10 00
Total	$3,076 14

The St. John's Guild, New York City, daily gives fourteen hundred poor children a sail down the bay.

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For the Little People

A Strange Water-Baby

By Ella F. Mosby

This baby usually lives in a ditch. The best nursery for him is a ditch where the water is still and the water-weeds grow thick in the sun. He is not easy to find, but if you put a little of the water in a glass, letting it stand in the light, after a while you will see some small greenish things sticking to the side next the light. The very biggest one of the family is not more than half an inch in size; and as for the shape of our water-baby, it is very curious, and different from that of any land-baby you ever saw. He is shaped like a tube, one end sticking to the side of the ditch or the glass, and called the root-end; and the other is the mouth, with arms, not like ours, one on each side, but in a circle around it. These arms are slender like threads, and float, outstretched, on the water, until the baby is touched, and then he draws them up so close that he looks almost round. You will have to use a magnifying-glass, however, to find out much about his looks or habits.

His body, or tube, looks quite empty as far as any inside organs are concerned, but there is a fluid in it, formed by the dissolving of its food, and the fluid is nourishing. The tube itself is made of two well-fitting skins, the outside one a little tougher and thicker than the other, which is a sort of stomach-bag, and has a fringe of many small hairs, always waving back and forth, and keeping the fluid in circulation, so that the hairs are a sort of heart and the fluid a sort of blood for our baby.

He can use his mouth also for walking! He has so few parts that he has to resort to strange makeshifts and economize in many ways. You usually see him floating lazily on the water, or stuck fast to the ditch, but he *can* walk. He fastens and stretches out first the root-end and then the mouth-end, making a loop of himself like a caterpillar. You have probably slept in a folding bed that could be made by day into a cabinet; but a mouth that can be used as a foot goes beyond that.

He has no nervous system, no bones, no real heart or lungs or brain, yet he has an apparatus that our babies have *not*. He needs it, for he has only a sort of mother, and has to make his own living and catch his own dinner from the start. It consists of many very tiny capsules—like the gelatine capsules the doctor gives you having medicine inside—only these are filled with a poisonous fluid, and a tiny lasso with three hooks at the end, coiled up in it. These capsules are scattered all over the body, and if the baby catches a water-flea for dinner, and it struggles to get away, that will make the arms draw up closer and closer to the mouth, and the pressure will burst the thin capsules. Then the lasso flies out suddenly, and the hooks hold the prisoner, and the fluid poisons him, so that he slips, helpless, through the mouth into the stomach-bag. The stinging jelly-fish has just the same kind of apparatus.

Our water-baby not only provides his own meals, but he does his own mending in an astonishing way. If he has an arm cut off, or even all his arms, or his mouth, he is not at all put out; he simply grows out a new one in its place. He even gains by being cut up—like the sea-anemones. If you cut him crosswise, the root-end will put out a new mouth and arms, and you will have two babies instead of one. Indeed, you may cut him in several pieces and make a whole family. Somebody calls him like a republic, because one part of him is just as good as another. If you let him alone, he makes a family himself in a much prettier way—by budding as a flower does. Wait, and you will see little sprouts on his side. After a while there are a mouth and arms—a whole new baby; and this often stays until it is old enough to bud in its turn. Sometimes the buds break off and float away to set up housekeeping on their own account.

Our queer baby has two names, and both are rather ugly. One is "the Hydra," from the old Greek story of Hercules and a water-snake, called the Hydra, that had nine heads. As soon as Hercules cut off one head another sprang up in its place. The other name is "the common fresh-water Polype." You might call this his tribal name, for there are so many kinds of Polypes that they are more like a tribe than a family. Polype comes from two Greek words, and means Many-Feet; and the tribe of Many-Feet live in salt water and fresh, in seas, lakes, ponds, and even in ditches—like our queer green water-baby!

❀

Gretchen and Kätchen

Gretchen and Kätchen, the two little maids,
Wear pretty white caps over tight flaxen braids;
They're clad like twin sisters from kerchief to shoe,
And both have round eyes of forget-me-not blue.

But Gretchen's in motion from morning till night;
She runs, and she skips, and she jumps with delight;
While Kätchen won't move, even when she is bid,
Because she's a dolly of china and kid.

Said Gretchen to Kätchen, "We're left all alone;
We'll just have a quiet good time of our own;
You'll ride in your wagon to call on the cat,
To take her some cherries, and have a long chat.

"In the vine-covered arbor the table we'll spread,
And load it with cherries, all shining and red;
I'll pick out the ripest from these on the shelf,
For sleepy Frau Green-Eyes, and you, and myself.

"I'll do all the talking for you and for her,
Since you, my poor Kätchen, can not even purr.
'I never eat cherries, I thank you,' says she,
And then there'll be more for my Kätchen and me!"

They called on Frau Green-Eyes, the sleepy old dame,
And grave little Kätchen rode back as she came,
With never a spot on her kid finger-tips;
But gay little Gretchen had purple-stained lips!

—*Helen Gray Cone, in April St. Nicholas.*

❀

Two Polite Little Girls

The "Youth's Companion" not long ago told of two polite little girls. One little girl was very fond of stories, and, fortunately, she had an aunt who dearly loved to tell stories. One day this aunt had told her so many that she felt it would not be right to ask her to tell any more, so she left the room.

Some time passed. Then Aunt Emma saw the door pushed open. A small hand thrust Evelina, the doll, into the room, and set her up against the wall. The hand was withdrawn, the door left slightly ajar, and a little voice called through the crack:

"Aunt Emma, Evelina would be *very* much pleased if you would tell her a story."

Needless to say that one of Aunt Emma's best stories was at once related for Evelina's benefit, and that her thoughtful little mother was *not* obliged to listen to it through the crack of the door, but was graciously invited in.

The other little girl was playing cars. She had arranged the rocker as a locomotive, and all the other chairs were the cars. A young-lady caller selected one of the chair-cars and took it from the train. The little girl was greatly distressed. She looked at the caller and asked softly:

"Did you know, Miss Reed, this is a train of steam-cars?"

"Ah, is it, indeed?" inquired the obtuse visitor. "Very well, I should like to take a ride."

This reply seemed to be not wholly satisfactory. The other chairs in the room were comfortable for visitors, Nell knew, but they didn't match her "train." Presently she stood beside the caller again, with her little hands folded before her.

"Miss Reed," she asked, hesitatingly, "where did you want to get off?"

"Oh, at New York," said the lady, with a smile.

"Well," said Nell in her sweetest tone, "*this* is New York where I'm stopping now."

And, fortunately, that delicate hint was acted upon, much to Nell's satisfaction.

❀

A Difference in Meaning

The boy in his primary geography will appreciate this:

A lady who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip says that as the ship was leaving the harbor of Athens a well-dressed lady passenger approached the captain, who was pacing the deck, and, pointing to the distant hills covered with snow, asked, "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," answered the captain.

"Now is it really?" remarked the lady. "I thought so, but a gentleman just told me it was Greece!"

❀

A Morning Promenade

Some pink and white peppermints (that is the talk)
With the animal crackers are going for a walk;
There's a cow that never was heard to moo,
A brindled pig, and an elephant too,
A chicken that didn't come out of an egg,
A dog that limps upon one hind leg,
A horse that isn't acquainted with hay,
And a dear old daddy to show them the way.
Higgledy-piggledy, off they'll pack
Down Red Lane, and they'll never come back!

—*Youth's Companion.*

❀

A Loving Mother

Every little girl will wish she knew the little girl of whom this story is told in the "Youth's Companion:"

A beautiful new doll had just been given her, and as she sat holding it and singing to it, her mother noticed that the old one was not in sight.

"What have you done with Beatrice?" asked the mother.

"I've put her away," answered the little girl. "If she saw me loving my new baby, it might hurt her feelings."

❀

Seasonable Advice

Always wear your thinking cap;
'Twill often save you from mishap.

—*Youth's Companion.*

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The Life of Christ

The Beginning of the Kingdom[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Jesus compares his kingdom to a grain of mustard-seed, which is itself the least of seeds, but when it is grown becomes the greatest of herbs. In the theme suggested for to-day we see this least of seeds before it is planted and has begun to grow. This is the spring which has since become the river of God, this the germinant beginning of that Christianity which has since overspread two continents and is gradually permeating a third with its transforming power.

The reader of "Marcella" will recall that remarkable chapter in her experience in which she is brought to the consciousness that humanity cannot save itself:

"Nobody could live in hospital, nobody could go among the poor, nobody could share the thoughts and hopes of people, like Edward Hallin and his sister, without understanding that it is still here in the world—this grace 'that sustaineth'—however variously interpreted; still living and working as it worked of old among the little Galilean towns, in Jerusalem, in Corinth. To Edward Hallin it did not mean the same, perhaps, as it meant to the hard-worked clergymen she knew, or to Mrs. Jervis. But to all it meant the motive power of life—something subduing, transforming, delivering—something that to-night she envied with a passion and a yearning that amazed herself."

It is the revelation of this grace, as "something subduing, transforming, delivering," which constitutes the secret of Christianity. John the Baptist was not a prophet of this grace. He was a prophet of the Law. When a delegation from the Sanhedrim came to inquire if he was the Messiah whom Hebrew prophets had foretold, and who would subdue, transform, deliver, he answered, No! He was not even a prophet of that Messiah. He was only a Voice crying in the wilderness, and bidding men prepare for him. When the people, their consciences touched by John the Baptist's fearless denunciation of their sins, asked for a remedy, he could suggest none except that they should be generous and just and humane. He had a passion of righteousness, but no message of help or hope to a people who, vaguely desiring or eagerly craving it, yet could not achieve it.

To him came his cousin to be baptized. John had known Jesus before; but it had never occurred to him that this Jesus was the Messiah. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." In the hour of baptism the truth was flashed upon him. Whether the Holy Spirit took on the form of a dove and descended, or a dove descended and was accepted by John as a symbol of the Holy Spirit, or the Spirit descended as a dove descends, the figure being in the Evangelist's record, not in any outward and visible sign, and whether the voice from heaven spake audibly or only to the soul of John the Baptist, it is not very material to discuss; enough to say that the spiritual nature and power of the Helper and Saviour of men were now for the first time perceived by the Hebrew prophet, and no sooner perceived than declared. He knew how eagerly the Jewish people were looking for this revealer of grace, this bringer of power. He knew how all eyes and hearts would turn to him. There is a pathos in his declarations, "His shoe-latchet I am not worthy to unloose," and "He must increase, but I must decrease." This is a realization never easy to be borne, perhaps least easy to be borne by one who is conscious of his own divine mission. But John seems not to have hesitated for a day, but straightway to have sent his own followers to the new Master whose glory was so soon to dim his own.

Two circumstances must have made this course of John the more difficult. The spirit and method of Jesus differed radically from his own. John possessed the Hebrew spirit. He was a Puritan before the days of Puritanism. His method of meeting temptation was to flee from it. He shunned the haunts of men; lived in the wilderness; protested against social corruption by withdrawing altogether from society. But this was not Christ's method. He went into society; joined not only in its religious ceremonials but in its social life. He looked without protest on the children dancing in the market-place; ate not only with the scrupulous and orderly, but with the publicans and sinners, and began his ministry, when he left the preacher from the wilderness, by attending a wedding-feast, whose festivities far transcended those usual in our time, and by adding to them a generous and unexpected contribution to the wine when the stock was exhausted. It would have been strange if this did not puzzle John, for it has puzzled some modern Christians who might be supposed to have understood better than did John the principles and spirit of Jesus, but who have, nevertheless, either frankly deprecated this act of their Master, or less frankly attempted to explain it away.[1]

Partly, perhaps, because of this diversity in method and spirit, John's faith in Jesus seems to have been very far from a clear and positive conviction. It is true that he pointed his own disciples to Jesus as "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." But he never followed Jesus himself. He continued a separate ministry, baptizing not as a symbol of allegiance to Jesus as the Messiah, but only as a pledge of repentance from sin. And when later he was imprisoned by Herod in the Castle of Machærus, his perplexity at the course of Jesus so grew that he sent two of his disciples to inquire whether his cousin were really the Messiah. He seemed to say, "I know you cannot be a false pretender; I know you too well for that. But have I been mistaken in thinking you the Messiah?" So evident, indeed, is this later perplexity of John that Strauss, who seems to think that Bible characters have an immunity from the contradictions and perplexities which beset ordinary mortals, supposes that John's testimony to Jesus must have been invented at a later date and attributed to John for controversial purposes.

If from John the Baptist we turn to his disciples, their faith seems to have been neither clearer nor stronger than his. They go to see Jesus; they are impressed by his personality; but they do not appear to entertain at all the idea that he is the Messiah; nor do they attach themselves to him and become his followers until a considerably later period. They remain with him a little while—how long we cannot tell—and then return to their Galilean home and their fishing, where some months later Jesus finds them and calls them to follow him.

John believes Jesus to be the Messiah; but does not follow him. John's disciples go to confer with him, and are impressed by his personality; but they do not follow him. And Jesus himself, turning his back on the ministry of John at the river Jordan, and stopping his own ministry, which is already beginning to be accompanied by more converts than that of his predecessor, goes off to Galilee to enjoy himself and add to the enjoyment of others at a wedding-feast, while his first *pseudo* followers leave both John and Jesus and return to their fishing.

This is a strange beginning for a religious life which is to overspread and conquer the world. But Jesus is not in haste. He will leave Peter and Andrew and James and John time to think over what they have seen and heard. The kingdom of God is a growth; and growth is a gradual process from small beginnings.

A thousand miles of mighty wood,
Where thunder-storms stride fire-shod;
A thousand plants at every rod,
A stately tree at every rood;
Ten thousand leaves to every tree,
And each a miracle to me,—
Yet there be men who doubt of God!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

[1] Bible Study Union Lesson No. 6. International Lessons Nos. 8 and 9. John i., 19–51—ii., 1–11.

[1] By the invention of the two-wine theory, which has no standing with modern scholars, and is refuted, if additional refutation were necessary, by the substantially unanimous testimony of all who are familiar with the life and customs of the East.

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Books and Authors

Recent Verse—II.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney touches strings of very diverse tones in "A Roadside Harp."[1] One detects faint melodies here and there that bespeak a greater compass of learning and observation than one is prepared for after an average experience with contemporaneous writers of verse. She sounds true in the classic atmosphere; she responds sensitively to the inspiration of a Madonna by Domenico Ghirlandajo; she can hear the lilt of brotherly love in dear old Izaak Walton; the music of seventeenth-century lyrics is not lost on her; she exults in a sterner theme in the battle-virtues of Sherman; she has seen how the sunlit masts of Salem ships look from the mainland, and hits them off with a perfect phrase; and the smaller, infinite world of squirrels and flowers and moths and their like are heard and noted by her. To see so many and such different things and rhyme them without offense is no small achievement. The few ballads with which "A Roadside Harp" begins are quite dramatic. Their rhythm and ring are apt to remain with the reader throughout the succeeding lyrics, to a degree which perhaps suggests monotony; and this faint marring impression is strengthened by the marginal titles, in small italics, which leave the different poems so near each other and so unseparated by typographical buoys as frequently to require an effort to distinguish between beginnings and endings. As to binding, it is a relief to find that the publishers have foregone the excessively "chaste" and light-tinted covers—now so generally adopted as the garb of lyric collections, and which one can scarcely hope to keep immaculate—without sacrificing any pretty quality of suggestion.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder's fifth volume of poems begins with "The Great Remembrance,"[2] the longest and most elaborate one of this collection, which is named from it. These initial verses were read before the last Reunion of the Grand Army of the Potomac, and have for their theme the great war-struggle of a generation ago, whose tragedies, thunderous pictures, unutterable horrors, and deathless heroisms offer fine inspiration to a singer who has in a more or less definable way assumed the attitude of laureate to our Republic. A noticeable number of the other poems are what might be called "topical," dealing as they do with concrete personalities and æsthetic events; thus, Paderewski's magic is the subject of some graceful lines headed "How Paderewski Plays;" while St. Gaudens, the sculptor, Eleanore Duse, the actress, Rubinstein, and the vanished "White City" at Chicago are not without their tributes. We find among these latest verses of Mr. Gilder's but few nature-pictures, and little of the impressionist realism that is determining the efforts of most writers of his tastes. A satisfactory exception to this rule of absence is in the twelve lines called "On the Bay," in which he hits off very happily the rather unearthly fascination of the evening view from a New York ferry. To the reviewer's mind the most positive beauty in Mr. Gilder's work is its grace, and the small division given up to "A Book of Songs" is the most attractive work in this delicately bound volume.

It is a substantial small volume of a hundred and fifty pages that Margaret Sangster has called "On the Road Home."[3] The title is a good one. A very homely spirit of rest and sunshiny peace binds together the many verses in this collection. They do not require an effort in the reading; they rather invite the repose of soul that is afforded by the companionship of good women, and the ever-sweet virtues and affections of fathers and mothers and wives and children. Mrs. Sangster's simple and sincere utterances are very well worth reading, nor is there any pretension on their part which tempts one to judge them by standards of art which might make them seem pale and over-mild. Our mothers and sisters and sweethearts are surely an audience whose tastes are to be considered sometimes even apart from our sophisticated reviewers. "On the Road Home" contains many ingeniously and sweetly expressed thoughts that will be pleasant to the first-named folks. Mrs. Sangster seizes on a congenial theme suggested here and there in the household circle—a little boy whose card castles she unwittingly demolished, and who makes a mighty effort to hold back his instinctive wrath—and with a few gentle, skillful strokes shows the largeness of these little fireside episodes. Many of the verses have a strong devotional tone, and one chapter of them is headed "Looking Upward." The pretty book is made especially attractive by several delicately engraved pictures.

The versatile and gifted Dr. S. Weir Mitchell—novelist, poet, critic, and famous physician—puts Pegasus through a variety of paces in the two books of verse "The Mother and Other Poems" and "Francis Drake."[1] The latter is a tragedy in blank verse, while in the first-named volume the themes range from the title poem, in which the mystery of Life and of Time is unfolded parable-wise, to an account of "The Wreck of the Emmeline," in New England sailor dialect. In "Francis Drake" the lines tell the story of the conspiracy against the Elizabethan admiral on his voyage to Patagonian waters; the villain of the play, Doughty, is not villainous enough to be very interesting. To be sure, he is Drake's old friend, and in the face of the fact sells himself to Lord Burleigh to upset the expedition, which, so far, is good enough; but he displays various uncomfortable redeeming qualities when detected and apprehended by the iron-handed admiral, and is beheaded in the most respectable style on the shores of the New World. It is scarcely necessary to say, the author being known, that some of the lines are finely turned; but, as a whole, the story, which suffers from being cast in such an ambitious mold, does not show the dramatic fire and powerful action of, for instance, Mrs. Rives-Chanler's "Athelwold." Of the varied poems in "The Mother," we like much best the sonnets, and especially the beautiful one to "Venice," and the "Lincoln."

A very pleasing volume appears with the modest title "Such as They Are,"[2] containing the joint productions in verse of Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mary Thatcher Higginson. The initials on the title-page show the first half to be Colonel Higginson's work, while the remainder are from his wife's pen. Of the former, the "Ode to a Butterfly" became the reviewer's favorite in short order. It is delightfully true in fancy and in phrase, and is quite as delicate as a butterfly ode should be. In far different measure, the tragic Arabian ballad "Rabiah's Defense" is effectively fierce and heroic and strong. Mrs. Higginson's "The Anchored Dories" and "The Test" are other verses that one especially cares for in the collection. The book is a handsome one, particularly as to its delicate "half-tone" illustrations, of which there are quite a number.

"El Nuevo Mundo"[3] is, being interpreted, "The New World," and if it is no small subject for an epic poem, Mr. Louis James Block's conception of the form in which that subject should be treated is larger still. The four chapters of rhymed lines, divided into sixteen-verse cantos, are aimed to explain the original divine purpose in the development of human life from the Old World to the New, the singling out of the man whose faith should create the Western Hemisphere, the deed, and state of completion of the Creator's effort to bring forth this "mighty miracle of liberty." Some of Mr. Block's metaphors are striking, many of his thoughts are large and noble, and perhaps it is too much to expect the achievement of unwavering intelligibility and of symmetry in the task which has not daunted him.

As the name, "Lotus Life,"[4] and the ornamentations of the cover suggest, Miss Lucy Cleveland's book of verses deals largely with subjects which have been called to mind by her sojourn in Nile-land—the first division being given

[1] Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.
[2] The Century Company, New York.
[3] Harper & Brothers, New York.

[1] Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
[2] Roberts Brothers, Boston.
[3] Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.
[4] G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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up entirely to Egyptian themes, to the lotus, the Nile-god, Pharaohs, Osiris, and Typhon. The colors are laid on very strong, and somewhat tumultuously it seems to us; this failing, and Miss Cleveland's tendency to compound words with an unusual freedom, are apt between them to strain the attention without a proportionate gain in passion and force.

Mr. Charles H. Crandall finds the pretty phrase, "Wayside Music,"[1] as a name for the book of his poems. These are many, and, it seems to us, of very unequal degrees of merit. Those on lighter themes, with here and there a touch of quaintness and blithe humor, seem to us much the best. "The Little Missionary," "Three Trees," "The Fair Copy-holder," and such ingeniously conceived rhythms as "The Train," are examples of what we mean, while of the verses dealing with deeper sentiments, the sonnet to "H. H." gives most pleasure.

Miss Jane Barlow enters into the ranks of notable authors without much apparent apprenticeship. "Th' Ould Master," "Walled Out," "The Last Time at M'Gurk's," "By the Boghole," "Past Praying For," and "A Curlew's Call" are dialect poems which she has now collected into a volume entitled *Bogland Studies*. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) They are exquisitely expressive of Irish wit, patriotism, and pathos. The influence of Dublin University and of Professor Barlow may perhaps be seen in his daughter's Greek and Latin sentiments cleverly prefixed as mottoes to each tale. They do but sharpen the flavor of the Irishry by contrast. Nothing, however, of past or present civilizations is permitted to detract from the simple description of peasant life by this suddenly famous author, who has hitherto elected to live at little Raheny and never in the capital close by. To this simplicity are added a genuinely Celtic raciness and as wide an intuitive sympathy. Concentration is as strong as expansiveness. Hence one bit is often as expressive as a whole poem, and every bit pulses with true, not theatrical, feeling. For instance, let us take the closing stanza of "Walled Out, or Eschatology in a Bog," which appeared anonymously in the "Dubin University Review" during 1885:

Sorra a word o' thruth—yet some sez that they've never a doubt
But there's plenty o' thruth in a dhrame, if ye turn it the right side out;
An' I mind me mother, wan night she dhreamt of a ship on the say,
An' next mornin' her Micky, the souldier, came home that was years away.
Thin a notion I have, as I woke, I'd heard wan o' thim two inside
Sayin': "Sleep, that's the chink for a glimpse; but death, that's the door set wide;"
An' whin things do be cruel conthrary, wid could an' the hunger an' all,
Some whiles I fall thinkin': "Sure, maybe it's only a bit o' their wall."
So p'r'aps it's a fool that I am; but many's the time, all the same,
I sez to meself, I'd be wishful for just a dhrame o' that dhrame.

Aside from its literary value, the political import of such a book as "Bogland Studies" may not be inconsiderable. Like the oft-repeated statement that Dickens's wonderful descriptions of the poor and down-trodden accomplished more than half a century's legislation, so perhaps the Irish problem is better elucidated by Miss Barlow than by all the Blue Books, Honorable Boards, and Home Rule discussions in and out of Parliament.

Old Celtic Romances, by Dr. P. W. Joyce (Macmillan & Co., New York), is a collection of eleven tales selected and translated from the vast body of early manuscript of Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. The book appeals both to the reader and to the student of literature. More than most similar books, it smacks of that far-away time when professional story-telling was a favorite amusement of the Celts of Ireland and of western Scotland. These bards, who knew their romances, poems, and histories by heart, were always welcome at the castles of kings, princes, and clan chiefs, and secured a good return in this world's goods out of their agreeable profession. The demand even grew greater than the supply of tradition, hence clever men began to compose stories and tales, giving them a legendary form. The body of oral literature then increased so rapidly that in the Book of Leinster (a manuscript now in Trinity College, Dublin, which was transcribed about the year 1130) there is a list of nearly two hundred ancient historic tales, classified as Battles, Voyages, Tragedies, Military Expeditions, Cattle-Raids, Courtships, Pursuits, Adventures, Visions, etc. All of these a bard was obliged to master, so as to be able to repeat any one of them from memory whenever so requested. Most of these tales were in prose, but some are versions of an older poetical form of the same story. Quotations from the more ancient form are sometimes introduced, the verse being obscure and archaic alongside the latter prose. Dr. Joyce's translation does not follow the exact words of the original, departing from the old phraseology whenever necessary to reproduce the old Gaelic life and spirit in modern English. The book is an interesting one.

Quite a ponderous volume is the one entitled *The World's Congress of Representative Women*, edited by Mrs. May Wright Sewall, and published by Rand, McNally & Co. (Chicago). The sale of this work in the East is controlled by Messrs. J. A. Hill & Co., New York. It may be remembered that the series of World's Congresses at the Chicago Fair was opened by a meeting of women from all lands, the largest gathering of the kind ever convened. The volume before us presents in a tolerably condensed form the proceedings of that first Congress. The subjects discussed were matters of education, religion, charity, moral and social reform, the civil and political status of women, industries and occupations, and the solidarity of human interests. So much for the reading-matter; but the book's greatest interest to many will lie in the number of portraits which make it almost as much of a photograph album as a record of the papers read at the convention. Many of these articles are of real interest and worth.

In *The Wings of Icarus*, by Laurence Alma-Tadema, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have fairly outdone themselves. The delightful size of the volume, its exquisite paper and clear print, the charming creamy-white canvas binding, with its delightful limpness and decoration, represent highest art in framing the picture. Alas that the picture should be lacking! The daughter of the eminent painter has essayed to depict a portion of the life of one Emilia Fletcher, as revealed by herself in thirty-five letters written to her friend Constance Norris, in a fragmentary journal and in a postscript. The wonder is that Mr. Alma-Tadema's Dutch blood did not assert a proper parental authority and prevent this strange work from proceeding out of that house from whence his splendid studies of ancient life have come. The half-baked being called Emilia Fletcher might delight "Ouida" or Sarah Grand, but she is out of place among grown-up folk who are trying not to be morbid nor uncomfortable nor unnatural.

On and Off the Saddle from the Great Northwest to the Antilles, by Lispenard Rutgers (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), is not a remarkable book. Its phraseology is frequently too extreme, though, fortunately, it escapes the almost inevitable accompaniment of being long drawn out. Then, the grammatical stickler might be offended by, "It is fair to assume that, while there are larger trees in the world than are found in this distant country, there does not exist on the globe trees of equal magnitude in such vast numbers." Nevertheless, especially in this hot weather, every one is interested in reading breezy descriptions of Alaska and the Rockies. Those of California, Mexico, and Cuba are also all short and to the point.

A Daughter of Music, by G. Colmore (D. Appleton & Co., New York), is an expression from one who is in some degree both novelist and dramatist. The descriptions seem almost like the direct representations of the stage, and the characters are clear-cut and outlined with electric distinction. The plot is simple, but is extremely unpleasing.

Literary Notes

—Sir Edwin Arnold is about to bring out a volume under the title of "Wandering Words."

—Mr. Walter Besant's latest novel is called "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," and is to be published serially in "Tit-Bits."

—M. André Chevrillon, a nephew of Taine, has written a review of Rudyard Kipling which will shortly appear in the "Revue de Paris."

—Professor Sayce has been editing the English translation of Professor Maspero's "Dawn of Civilization." The work will appear in the autumn.

—An entertaining and valuable volume will be the "Table Talk" of the late Dr. Jowett, of Balliol College, Oxford. The book is to appear next autumn.

—The letters and manuscripts of the late Professor Robertson Smith are to be edited by his brother, Mr. Michie Smith, of Madras, and by Dr. Sutherland Black.

—Over a hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold of "Caligula," the book by Professor Guidde which is thought by many to refer to the present Kaiser.

—The Hon. Roden Noel, who has just died, was the younger son of the Earl of Gainsborough, and was a member of that famous Oxford trio, the others being Mr. Walter Pater and the late John Addington Symonds.

[For list of Books Received see page 113]

[1] G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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The Religious World

The Chautauqua Assembly

Each year the Chautauqua Assembly is making for itself a larger place in the life of our country, and, while it has many competitors, it is still without a rival among summer assemblies. It offers to all desiring to improve their equipment as ministers and religious teachers the advantages of a theological seminary. In the auditorium the best preachers in the land are heard, while those who desire to study the Bible are led by such instructors as President Harper, of Chicago University, and President Burroughs, of Wabash College. There is also provision for the study of the Bible in the original languages under able professors. History is taught by Professor Adams, of Yale, and Professor Adams, of Johns Hopkins; chemistry by Professor Woodhull, of New York; English by Professor Cook, of Yale; sociology by Professor Henderson, of Chicago. At one table in the hotel we recently observed Presidents Harper, of Chicago, MacCracken, of New York, and Ballantine, of Oberlin; Professors Adams, of Yale, and Adams, of Johns Hopkins; Henderson, of Chicago, and Moulton, of Oxford, England; and the Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, of Philadelphia; all were engaged in teaching and lecturing to the students in residence. There are also classes in manual training under Professor C. A. Bennett, of New York; classes in cooking, in physical culture, in the modern languages, and, indeed, in about all the branches one may wish to study. The important fact is that all classes are under instructors of recognized eminence and ability, and that the university is avowedly and conspicuously Christian. At first, we believe, Chautauqua was practically a Methodist institution; but now, while under the direction of Bishop Vincent, it is entirely undenominational. Often other denominations are more largely represented than the Methodist. Bishop Vincent has been permitted to do many good things during his life, but he will be remembered when his work is done for long years to come as "The Founder of Chautauqua." We are very familiar with Oxford in old England, and we think it no exaggeration to say that this year—apart from its historic associations—Chautauqua offers quite as many advantages to a summer student as the summer school at the great university that is attracting so many to England this summer.

Mrs. Humphry Ward on Unitarianism

Mrs. Humphry Ward, the brilliant English novelist, has recently been speaking at the headquarters of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association on "Unitarianism and the Future." She said that the development of Unitarian thought in this century might be summed up in one great name—James Martineau. "In him and his work it had been possible to see the *free* development of the Christian spirit under the perpetual discipline of an expanding knowledge—to realize how a man may pass scathless from stage to stage of Christian conviction; may give up miracle without imperiling certainty; may wholly change his beliefs as to the nature of inspiration, or the authorship of the Gospel of St. John, or the physical reality of the resurrection, or the office of Christ in history, without ever endangering in himself the life of faith, or ceasing to be her constant witness to others." By way of criticism, she said that there was too much Puritanism among Unitarians. She thought that no one could talk with Unitarians without feeling that there was in their minds a great discouragement. Their writings and speeches are often apologetic and plaintive. There has been growth, but not proportionate to the growth in population. She arranged the disadvantages of modern Unitarianism under three heads: First, the pre-eminence of certain Puritan elements in the temper and public expression of Unitarianism, which have really served their purpose and are now in the way. Unitarianism wants more beauty and more enthusiasm. The second disadvantage is the tendency of Unitarians to stand in certain respects outside the main channels of national life. Their children are talked to of Dante and Fénelon, but when they go to Oxford they find that they have never heard of Newman and Keble. And, third, and by far the most important, is the indecision of much Unitarian thought and feeling. The question is to *see* for one's self and make others see. The report of Mrs. Ward's address, as it has reached us, concludes as follows:

> When they had grasped by all modern aids some truer conception of that Personality whence, as a historical system, Christianity descends, what was the next task of each? Simply to learn what discipleship may mean; to give themselves to it without calculation, without resistance—nay, with a sort of divine abandonment. There is no need of the "swollen way of speaking of Christ" to which Channing objected. But neither can he be served in coldness of heart. To shrine him in our hearts is to associate ourselves perpetually with a sacred and kindling Presence, to follow a Master's voice, to strengthen our own faith at the touch of his, to live in the same hope of an eternal vision, to go out into life and to battle with those social ills which oppress us as they never oppressed our fathers, in his spirit. She concluded that a very small suppression of idleness, of caprice, of timidity, would indefinitely strengthen the new Christian society.

The Institute of Christian Philosophy Summer School

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy has just closed the most successful Summer School it has ever held. The success was due first to the location, and second to the unity and timeliness of the topics discussed. For the first time the meetings were held at Chautauqua, and no better place could have been found. The Hall of Philosophy was well filled at all the sessions, and the interest of the audience was evident and constant. We have already fully outlined the programme of this school. The general topic was "The Unification of Christendom," and the three divisions were: (1) The Incarnation; (2) The Doctrine of the Church ("The Continued Incarnation"); and (3) The Unification of Christendom. Dr. Lampman made a strong and telling argument for the divinity of our Lord apart from the Scriptures; Professor Purves, of Princeton, followed with the Biblical argument for the Incarnation; and President Hartranft traced the history of the doctrine. Under the second head Dr. George Dana Boardman set forth the doctrine of the Church (1) in its ideal, and (2) as it now exists in the world; and Chancellor MacCracken treated the relation of the Church to the problems of science and philosophy. It was expected that Professor Graham Taylor would lecture on the Church and Social Problems, but he was detained in Chicago by the strike, and his place was taken by the Rev. John B. Devins, of New York, who, without any attempt at philosophizing, and at very short notice, spoke effectively from the point of view of a practical worker. The President's address, by the Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D., was on the subject "The Return to Christ in Current Teaching concerning the Kingdom of God." The sermon was to have been delivered by the Rev. Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, but he, too, was detained by the strike, and his place was taken by Dr. Bradford. Dr. George Hodges, Dean of Cambridge (Episcopal) Theological Seminary, was to have spoken on "The Unification of Christendom as it Appears to an Episcopalian," but he also was detained by the strike, and his place was supplied by the Rev. Gilbert Reid, the eminent Presbyterian missionary to China, who read a paper on "The Historic Episcopate," accepting in the main the doctrine of the Episcopal Church on that subject. President Ballantine spoke for the Congregationalists; President H. M. Booth's paper was from the standpoint of a Presbyterian; while Dr. B. B. Tyler spoke as a representative of the Disciples. The only serious mistake in the programme was in not providing for a lecture on the subject by Bishop Vincent from the point of view of a Methodist. From beginning to end the interest was fully sustained, and the authorities at Chautauqua were so much pleased with the programme that they immediately extended a hearty invitation for the Institute to hold its meeting with them next year. This was the first meeting held since the death of Dr. Deems, and the frequent and tender mention of his name showed how large a place he still occupies in the hearts of many people in all parts of our land.

Biddle University

A prominent institution of learning among the colored people supported by the Presbyterian Church of the United States is Biddle University in North Carolina. The number of students during last year was 280, of whom 209 were boarders. The buildings have been crowded to their utmost capacity, and there is great demand for larger facilities. Forty-six candidates for the ministry pursued their studies under the care of the Presbyterian Board of Education, seventeen of whom were already in

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the theological department. This department, by the way, is now to be set apart, and hereafter to be known as the Biddle Theological School. An interesting fact in connection with the junior class in the theological department is that, with one exception, all are college graduates. That proportion we believe to be quite as large as in most similar institutions for white students. The quarto-centennial of the "University" has just been celebrated. It is proposed to make the celebration an occasion for raising an endowment of $400,000 which has just been recommended by the General Assembly. The President of the University is D. J. Sanders, D.D. If we may judge by his photograph, he is a full-blooded negro, having all the physical characteristics of his race. His administration of the affairs of the institution has been singularly successful, and he is recognized as a leader in the cause of education among his people.

The Darkest England Scheme

General Booth is still tireless in his efforts to carry out the grand social scheme outlined in his book, "In Darkest England," which scheme is one of the most prominent articles in the Salvation Army's programme. A crowded meeting was recently held in London, at which the General gave an account of his work. He stated that the total sum subscribed since the starting of the scheme had been £161,608, that the expenditure was £219,628, and that therefore a debt had been contracted of £58,000. The General said that until this debt was removed no further steps would be taken toward founding the "Oversea Colony." Among the speakers at this meeting was Lord Brassey, who gave the emigration scheme his warm support, and who promised to assist it all he could, although he deprecated over-haste. All who have visited England during the last two or three years must have been impressed with the work which the Salvation Army is doing in social ways. Its shelters in various parts of the slum districts provide food and shelter for large numbers of those who would otherwise be on the verge of starvation and without a place to sleep. The farm colonies at Hadleigh during the last year provided work for 350. General Booth is making quite as prominent his work for the social regeneration of the English people as for the conversion of individuals to Jesus Christ. The two must go hand in hand, and General Booth has not yet made the mistake of trying to divorce them.

The Disciples' Divinity House

A plan for a new Divinity House, in connection with the University of Chicago, seems about to take form. We present the facts as they are given in the "Christian Evangelist" of June 28. The plan was considered at the Chicago Convention, and in a formal way received the indorsement of the Board of City Missions in Chicago in April last. Later it was indorsed by the Acting Board of the General Christian Missionary Convention, which also indorsed the action of the Chicago Board for the establishment of such an institution, and suggested the names of persons to act as trustees for the same. These trustees held a meeting in Chicago on the 26th of May, and associated themselves together for the purpose of carrying out the plan in a legal way. It was decided that the name of the institution should be "The Disciples' Divinity House of the University of Chicago." H. L. Willet was elected Dean. The understanding is that the Board of Trustees of the new enterprise will build one or more halls near to the grounds of the University, to be used as a home for the Disciples of Christ attending the University, and to be the sole and exclusive property of the Board. The Trustees of the University, on the other hand, agree to furnish to students of the Divinity House all the privileges of the University on the same terms on which they are furnished to students living in the Divinity House of the University itself. Students who pursue a course of theological study will be admitted without tuition charges, and after they have completed their studies they will receive the appropriate degree. It is mutually agreed that the Board of Trustees of the Disciples' Divinity House shall have the privilege of nominating one or more officers who shall be given general charge of the House and its students, provided said officers shall be approved by the Board of Trustees of the University. The officers of the House shall be recognized as officers of the University, and shall have the privilege of conferring with the divinity faculty on questions relating to the interests of the House or its members. This movement means the establishment of what will be practically a theological seminary in connection with one of the largest and most influential universities in the land. The experiment will be watched with interest, and is suggestive of a method which might be applied equally to the maintenance of denominational halls in connection with State universities.

Thirteenth International Christian Endeavor Convention

From our Special Correspondent

Two years more and Cleveland will be celebrating its centenary. The citizens trace the progress of events from the time when Moses Cleaveland, as the representative of a land company, first met the untutored Indians whose wigwams dotted the banks at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River. But the Convention of '94, by seemingly unanimous consent, is already set down in their calendars like the "A. U. C." of ancient Rome.

"Father Endeavor" Clark

This young city is doing things on a handsome scale for the Endeavorers from North, East, South, and West. The personal hospitality of the citizens is unbounded, and shows itself on every hand. The "welcomes" in print in the windows; the "white and gold" on the monuments, along the streets, and in the public squares; the badges on the captains and sailors of Lake Erie, on the conductors, criers, and brakemen on the trains; the significant greeting of the Governor of the State; the unmistakable welcome of the pastors—these tell the earnestness that marks this city on this Convention occasion.

When it was suggested to Governor McKinley that he might be required to repeat his address of welcome to an overflow audience, the Chairman of the Committee of '94 declared that he shook his head in doubt about a gathering that would have requirements outside of the Saengerfest Hall, which on opening morning contained 12,000. The Chairman said a repetition of the address might not be called for; it had never been called for in the history of Christian Endeavor on an opening occasion, yet it might be. Before the doors of the huge building were open for half an hour on the morning of the 12th the place was packed from platform rear to the remotest gallery corner. Before the hour appointed for opening, the tent near by, which will accommodate as many as the Hall, was overflowing. By the time the preliminary voluntaries were making the arches ring in the Hall, the thousands were lining the avenues on their way to the second overflow, in the Epworth Memorial Church. Before long the cry was heard from the main entrance, "Full!" So a fourth church, on Woodland Avenue, was called into requisition. The members of the Christian Endeavor Society from outside who are registered, and the proportions of the audiences from day to day, indicate what would have been had not unexpected interventions marred the calculations. The Convention has been interfered with by the stringency of the times, by the railway strikes, and by terror created through newspaper reports of the strikers and their sympathizers. Notwithstanding these impediments, this, for numbers, is a wonderful convention. [It has been estimated that the Convention brought together 40,000 people.—EDS.]

An unkind critic said some time ago that the three main elements in a Christian Endeavor Convention were hosts, children, and gush. That critic was little right and much wrong. The little that was correct in the criticism was favorable to the friends of Endeavor. They do mass the multitudes as no others do. No other organization of a religious kind on earth can bring together men and women as can Christian Endeavor. No organization of any other kind, labor, political, scientific, in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, can present the testimony of enthusiasm and increasing interest year after year like this one composed of the friends of Jesus. The "children" part of the criticism displays ignorance and misstatement as well as unkindness. The hoary heads are seen day by day in these audiences by the hundreds. Christian Endeavor, under God, is manned by men and women, plus the young. The scientists of the day, the wise men

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of the times, the leaders of thought, the ornaments of the pulpit, the picked ones from the universities, the strong from the seminaries, the choice of the generation, are present, and enjoy and help on the conventions, and the work they tell of and advance. And as for "gush," if it is to be found anywhere, the most unlikely place to look for it under the sun is at this Convention. True, one hears the hyper-ornate in language and the extra-analogical in presentation now and then. But from an extended experience in conferences and conventions of religious and secular kinds in this and in European lands, the testimony is soberly given that in an annual Christian Endeavor Convention there is less of the unsubstantial than in any gathering of modern times that is numbered by the thousands. Take these Canadians who come down from the Dominion, these representatives who come up from the South, and these delegates who represent the districts lying between, and you have "the pick" of the century. The leaders of genuine reform are here; the conservators of the best that now is are of the number; the churches' best workers are represented in convention; and here are they of whom the present workers, to whom the world owes a great debt, can say sincerely, "The generation that is coming is better than ours that is passing away, because the God of the generations has bestowed newly and largely through this blessed agency of Christian Endeavor."

By a scientific law that forbids one object from occupying two portions of space at one time, it is impossible to tell directly of all the meetings planned for in the Convention programme. Wednesday evening was taken up with very largely attended meetings of a devotional character in fourteen churches and the Y. M. C. A. building. Copying the example of him who rose a great while before day, the Endeavorers held many prayer-meetings throughout the city each morning between six and seven. A business men's prayer-meeting was held on the Public Square each day at noon. On Thursday forenoon the addresses of welcome and responses thereto were given. The Secretary of the United Society made his annual presentation at this opening session. Denominational rallies, a special feature of this Convention, were held in twenty-three churches and halls on Thursday afternoon. Overflow meetings were required. Then in the evening the thousands were impressed by a voice not heard, as they listened to the beloved President's annual message. The two other themes for the day were "Heroes of Faith" and "Glorifying God." "Christian Citizenship" and "Christian Endeavor vs. The Saloon" were the topics for Friday morning, and were followed during the remainder of the day by four others, "The Claims of an Educated Life," "The Correlation of the Religious Forces," "Common Sense in Church Life and Work," and "Christ the Worker and Model for All Endeavorers." Two addresses on interdenominational fellowship, with a third on the work among the Germans, an open parliament on "The Pledge" and on the "Junior Society," brought the proceedings up to noon on Saturday. A whole afternoon was given to a Junior Rally in the Saengerfest Hall on the last day of the week, while the evening of the same day was devoted to receptions and rallies of the State, Territorial, and Provincial delegations in their respective headquarters.

The city pulpits were occupied, as a rule, by Convention visitors on Sunday morning. In the afternoon, in the tent and hall, missionary and temperance topics were prominent. Greetings were conveyed from representatives of Missionary Boards. The extension course was explained and emphasized; reports were given from China, India, and Palestine; the strategic element in missions was set forth, and systematic giving to God encouraged. The closing evening was marked by tremendous gatherings, convention sermons, and consecration services.

How much hangs upon a personality! It would be impossible to convey through the printed page the sense of disappointment that marked the assembled thousands on the morning of the opening, when Secretary Baer announced that, on account of extreme nervous exhaustion, Dr. Clark was confined to his home. For twelve successive anniversaries the founder of the Society has been its chief guide and human inspiration. While presiding officials did well, while the trustees managed the work committed to them, while the choristers and cornetists and speakers sang and played and spoke to interest and edify, one man was wanting, and everybody felt it. His address, read by another, was pathetically eloquent. The call to strike (1) for the principles that have made Christian Endeavor strong, viz., the Pledge, the Consecration Meeting, and the Committees, (2) for good citizenship, (3) for missions, and (4) for the enlargement of Christian Endeavor fellowship, was solemn and inspiring. Many a one asked, What if Dr. Clark should never be at another convention? Hope was brought by announcements from his physicians, and tens of thousands of prayers went up to God for the restoration of a man whose humility, common sense, and spirituality have made him, in divine hands, a great power in the world.

The year's work in Christian Endeavor has been signally prosperous. The British countries have come markedly to the front since last July. England, Scotland, and Ireland have 1,453 societies. Australia comes up with 834, showing, as one of the speakers said, that Christian Endeavor in the Island Continent stands for the same grasp upon simple, evangelical, evangelistic Gospel truth that it stands for in the land of its nativity. The other far-off enrollments are: India, 72; Japan, 59; the West Indies, 44; Turkey, 38; China, 23; South Africa, 25; Madagascar, 30; with additions from France, Spain, Mexico, Brazil, Chili, etc., making in all from foreign and missionary lands a total of 2,740 organizations.

Canada has changed her figures from 1,882 for '93 to 2,243 for '94. Coming to the home land, Pennsylvania has pushed on to the first place with 3,458 societies; New York is second, with 3,320; Ohio third, with 2,274. The United States has 28,698 societies. The Juniors have come into prominence during the twelvemonth. Pennsylvania is the banner State, with 717; Illinois is second, with 678; and New York third, with 673. The Junior companies number 6,809, with a membership of 366,000. The Acting President of the Convention, Mr. C. A. Dickinson, well said: "Christian Endeavor is interdenominational, interurban, inter-State, international, interracial, and perhaps interplanetary." Thirty denominations are represented in the 2,023,800 membership at present, the Presbyterians having 6,652 societies in the United States, and the largest membership; the Congregationalists coming second, with over 1,100 fewer societies; the Baptists third, with over 2,000 less than the Congregationalists. China sends the "Umbrella of State" to New York for systematic giving. On the roll of honor are 5,552 societies that have contributed for missions in '93–'94 $138,205.93, while nearly $200,000 has been given by these same societies for Christ and the Church in other ways. The Christian Endeavor Societies have contributed 183,650 new members to the Church enrollment for the year.

Were more space available, readers of The Outlook might have the names of the speakers, some of whom were heard, others not. Columns might be taken up with pointed sayings, State songs, and a score of criticisms. To those who would have more, the official report, at forty cents a copy, is obtainable. To any one disposed to be hypercritical the admonition comes: The Christian Endeavor movement is of God—by its fruit we know this—and criticism should be carefully and prayerfully administered. Generally speaking, the Society must not allow any diminution of the significance of the pledge, and it must continue its work with fresh meaning attaching to its opening words. Individual societies and local unions must know, as well as officers, the tremendous meaning of pledged loyalty, consecrated devotion, energetic service, interdenominational spiritual fellowship, and John the Baptist's sentence, He must increase, but I must decrease.

The Convention of '95 goes to San Francisco on condition that railway companies come to terms. That of '96 (Baltimore disappointed) goes to the Capital of the Republic. The Committee of '94, after meeting all obligations, which were $4,000 less than those of any recent Convention, has a balance on hand, out of which $1,000 has been voted to the United Society. The United Society acknowledged the economy and efficiency of the Cleveland Committee by a handsome banner publicly presented to the Chairman of the City Union. Now that the Convention is over, its imperfections will be overlooked and its best features magnified—a Convention which, by the reader's prayers, associated with those of the friends of the cause throughout all continents, will give new zeal and wisdom to many an honored fellow-worker for Christ and the Church—a Convention which the competent have pronounced upon as like the locusts of Egypt for numbers, and like the manna from heaven for blessing.

HAMILTON.

Saengerfest Hall, Cleveland, O.

—Visitors to Rockaway Beach are respectfully asked to attend the services in the Congregational church, situated near Holland's Station. They will be most cordially welcomed; and the pastor, the Rev. W. H. Kershaw, will do his best to minister to their mental and moral necessities. Services morning and evening.

—The annual report of the New York City Charity Organization Society shows receipts and disbursements to have been about $43,000 each. The permanent fund now stands at nearly $47,000, an increase during the year of over $5,000. The Society needs money to pay off the mortgage on its Wayfarers' Lodge, No. 516 East Twenty-eighth Street. The value of the Lodge was abundantly proved during the special distress last winter. Among the Society's many splendid deeds during the year was the securing of a capital of $100,000 to establish a loan office.

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A Notable Charge

Last week, in Chicago, Judge Peter S. Grosscup gave the following notable charge to the Grand Jury in the indictment of the leaders of the American Railway Union, upon which we comment in our editorial columns:

Gentlemen of the Grand Jury: You have been summoned here to inquire whether any of the laws of the United States within this judicial district have been violated. You have come into an atmosphere, and amid occurrences, that may well cause reasonable men to question whether the Government and laws of the United States are yet supreme. Thanks to resolute manhood and to that enlightened intelligence which perceives the necessity of a vindication of law before any other adjustments are possible, the Government of the United States is still supreme.

You doubtless feel, as I do, that the opportunities of life under present conditions are not entirely equal, and that changes are needed to forestall some of the dangerous tendencies of current industrial life. But neither the torch of the incendiary nor the weapon of the insurrectionist nor the inflamed tongue of him who incites to fire and sword is the instrument to bring about reforms. To the mind of the American people, to the calm, dispassionate, sympathetic judgment of a race that is not afraid to face deep changes and responsibilities, there has as yet been no appeal. Men who appear as the champions of great changes must first submit them to discussion—discussion that reaches not simply the parties interested, but the wider circles of society—and must be patient as well as persevering until the public intelligence has been reached and public judgment made up. An appeal to force before that hour is a crime, not only against the government of existing laws, but against the cause itself; for what man of any intelligence supposes that any settlement will abide which is induced under the light of the torch or the shadow of an overpowering threat?

With the question behind present occurrences, therefore, we have, as ministers of the law and citizens of the Republic, nothing to do. The law as it is must first be vindicated before we turn aside to inquire how law or practice as it ought to be can be effectually brought about. Government by law is imperiled, and that issue is paramount.

The Government of the United States has enacted laws, first, to protect itself and its authority as a Government, and, secondly, to protect its authority over those agencies to which, under the Constitution and laws, it extends governmental regulations. For the former purpose—namely, to protect itself and its authority as a Government—it has enacted that "every person who entices, sets on foot, assists, or engages in any rebellion or insurrection against the authority of the United States or the laws thereof, or gives aid or comfort thereto," and "any two or more persons in any State or Territory who conspire to overthrow, put down, or destroy by force the Government of the United States," "or to levy war against them, or to oppose by force the authority thereof, or by force to prevent, hinder, or delay the execution of any law of the United States, or by force to seize, take, or possess any property of the United States contrary to the authority thereof," shall be visited with certain penalties therein named.

"Insurrection is a rising against civil or political authority; the open and active opposition of a number of persons to the execution of law in a city or State." Now, the laws of the United States forbid, under penalty, any person from obstructing or retarding the passage of the mail, and make it the duty of the officer to arrest such offenders and bring them before the court. If, therefore, it shall appear to you that any person or persons have willfully obstructed or retarded the mails, and that their attempted arrest for such offense has been opposed by such a number of persons as would constitute a general uprising in that particular locality, and as threatens, for the time being, the civil and political authority, then the fact of an insurrection within the meaning of the law has been established. And he who by speech, writing, promises, or other inducements assists in setting it on foot or carrying it along, or gives it aid or comfort, is guilty of a violation of law. It is not necessary that there should be bloodshed; it is not necessary that its dimensions should be so portentous as to insure probable success, to constitute an insurrection.

It is necessary, however, that the rising should be in opposition to the execution of the laws of the United States, and should be so formidable as for the time being to defy the authority of the United States. When men gather to resist the civil or political power of the United States, or to oppose the execution of its laws, and are in such force that the civil authorities are inadequate to put them down and a considerable military force is needed to accomplish that result, they become insurgents, and every person who knowingly incites, aids, or abets them, no matter what his motives may be, is likewise an insurgent. This penalty is severe, and, as I have said, is designed to protect the Government and its authority against direct attack. There are other provisions of law designed to protect those particular agencies which come within Governmental control. To these I will now call your attention.

The mails are in the special keeping of the Government and laws of the United States. To insure their unhindered transmission, it is made an offense to "knowingly and willfully obstruct or retard the passage of the mail, or any carriage, horse, driver, or carrier carrying the same."

It is also provided that "if two or more persons conspire together to commit any offense against the United States, . . . and one or more of such parties do any act to effect the object of the conspiracy," all the parties thereto shall be subject to a penalty.

Any person knowingly and willfully doing any act which contributes or is calculated to contribute to obstructing or hindering the mails, who knowingly and willfully takes a part in such acts, no matter how trivial, if intentional, is guilty of violation of the first of these provisions; and any person who conspires with one or more other persons, one of whom subsequently commits the offense, is likewise guilty of an offense against the United States. What constitutes conspiracy to hinder or obstruct the mails will be touched upon in connection with the subject to which I now call your attention.

The Constitution places the regulation of commerce between the several States and between the States and foreign nations within the keeping of the United States Government. Anything which is designed to be transported, for commercial purposes, from one State to another, and is actually in transit, and any passenger who is actually engaged in any such inter-State commercial transaction, and any car or carriage actually transporting, or engaged in transporting, such passenger or thing, are the agencies and subject matter of inter-State commerce, and any conspiracy in restraint of such trade or commerce is an offense against the United States.

To restrain is to prohibit, limit, confine, or abridge a thing; the restraint may be permanent or temporary; it may be intended to prohibit, limit, or abridge for all time or for a day only. The law draws no distinction in this respect. Commerce of this character is intended to be free, except subject to regulations by law, at all times and for all periods. Temporary restraint is, therefore, as intolerable as permanent, and practical restraint by actual physical interference as criminal as that which flows from the arrangements of business and organization. Any physical interference, therefore, which has the effect of restraining any passenger, car, or thing constituting an element of inter-State commerce forms the foundation for this offense.

But to complete this offense, as also that of conspiracy to obstruct the mails, there must exist, in addition to the resolve or purpose, the element of criminal conspiracy. What is criminal conspiracy? If it shall appear to you that any two or more persons corruptly or wrongfully agreed with each other that the trains carrying the mails and inter-State commerce should be forcibly arrested, obstructed, and restrained, such would clearly constitute a conspiracy.

If it shall appear to you that two or more persons corruptly or wrongfully agreed with each other that the employees of the several railroads carrying the mails and inter-State commerce should quit, and that successors should, by threats, intimidation, or violence, be prevented from taking their places, such would constitute a conspiracy.

I recognize, however, the right of labor to organize. Each man in America is a free man, and, so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others, he has the right to do with that which is his what he pleases. In the highest sense, a man's arm is his own, and, aside from contract relations, no one but himself can direct when it shall be raised to work or shall be dropped to rest. The individual option to work or to quit is the imperishable right of a free man. But the raising or dropping of the arm is the result of a will that resides in the brain, and, much as we may desire that such wills should remain entirely independent, there is no mandate of law which prevents their association with others and response to a higher will.

The individual may feel himself alone unequal to cope with the conditions that confront him, or unable to comprehend the myriad of considerations that ought to control his conduct. He is entitled to the highest wage that the strategy of work or cessation from work may bring, and the limitations upon his intelligence and opportunities may be such that he does not choose to stand upon his own perception of strategic or other conditions. His right to choose a leader—one who observes, thinks, and wills for him, a brain skilled to observe his interest—is no greater pretension than that which is recognized in every other department of industry. So far, and within reasonable limits, associations of this character are not unlawful, but are, in my judgment, beneficial, when they do not restrain individual liberty and are under enlightened and conscientious leadership.

But they are subject to the same laws as other associations. The leaders to whom are given the vast power of judging and acting for the members are simply, in that respect, their trustees; their conduct must be judged, like that of other trustees, by the extent of their lawful authority and the good faith with which they have executed it. No man in his individual right can lawfully demand and insist upon conduct by others which will lead to an injury to a third person's lawful rights.

The railroads carrying the mails and inter-State commerce have a right to the service of each of their employees until each lawfully chooses to quit, and any concerted action upon the part of others to demand or insist, under any effective penalty or threat, upon their quitting, to the injury of the mail service or the prompt transportation of inter-State commerce, is a conspiracy, unless such demand or insistence is pursuant of a lawful authority conferred upon them by the men themselves, and is made in good faith in the execution of such authority. The demand and insistence, under effective penalty or threat, and injury to the transportation of the mails or inter-State commerce being proved, the burden falls upon those making the demand or insistence to show lawful authority and good faith in its execution.

Let me illustrate: Twelve carpenters are engaged in building a house. Aside from contract regulations, they each can quit at pleasure. A thirteenth and fourteenth man, strangers to them, by concerted threats of holding them up to public odium or private malice, induce them to quit and leave the house unfinished. The latter in no sense represent the former or their wishes, but are simply interlopers for mischief, and are guilty of conspiracy against the employer of the carpenters. But if, upon a trial for such results, they prove that, instead of being strangers, they are the trustees, agents, or leaders of the twelve, with full power to determine for them whether their wage is such that they ought to continue or quit, and that they have in good faith determined that question, they are not then, so far as the law goes, conspirators.

But if it should further appear that the supposed authority was used, not in the interests of the twelve, but to further a personal ambition or malice of the two, it would no longer justify their conduct. Doing a thing under cloak of authority is not doing it with authority. The injury of the two to the employer in such an instance would only be aggravated by their treachery to the associated twelve, and both employer and employees should, with equal insistence, ask for the visitation of the law.

If it appears to you, therefore, applying the illustration to the occurrences that will be brought to your attention, that any two or more persons, by concert, insisted or demanded, under effective penalties and threats, upon men quitting their employment to the obstruction of the mails or inter-State commerce, you may inquire whether they did these acts as strangers to these men, or whether they did them under the guise of trustees or leaders of an association to which these men belonged. And if the latter appears, you may inquire whether their acts and conduct in that respect were in faithful and conscientious execution of their supposed authority, or were simply a use of that authority as a guise to advance personal ambition or satisfy private malice.

There is honest leadership among these our laboring fellow-citizens, and there is, doubtless, dishonest leadership. You should not brand any act of leadership as done dishonestly or in bad faith unless it clearly so appears. But if it does so appear, if any persons are shown to have betrayed the trust of these toiling men, and their acts fall within the definition of crime as I have given it to you, it is alike the interest, the pleasure, and the duty of every citizen to bring them to swift and heavy punishment.

I wish again, in conclusion, to impress upon you the fact that the present emergency is to vindicate law. If no one has violated the law under the rules I have laid down, it needs no vindication; but if there has been such violation, there should be quick, prompt, and adequate indictment. I confess that the problems which are made the occasion or pretext for the present disturbances have not received the consideration they deserve. It is our duty as citizens to take them up, and, by candid and courageous discussion, ascertain what wrongs exist and what remedies can be applied. But neither the existence of such problems nor the neglect of the public hitherto adequately to consider them justifies the violation of law or the bringing on of general lawlessness. Let us first restore peace and punish the offenders of the law, and then the atmosphere will be clear to think over the claims of those who have real grievances. First vindicate the law. Until that is done, no other questions are in order.

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Correspondence

Are the Railroads the People's Highways?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your recent editorial on the present strike you say: "The issue is not between the Pullman Car Company and its employees; it is between the American Railway Union and the American people. . . . It is the duty of every mayor, police-officer, sheriff, Governor, and, if necessary, of the President of the United States, to protect with all the power at their command the right of the American people to freedom of travel *on their own highways.*" I underscore the last clause. It is a misrepresentation if you have reference to the roads now tied up. The people do not own these roads. Your argument would be just if the State owned or controlled the railroads. There is not a railroad corporation in the United States that will admit that the people own the railroads, or will allow the people the least interference in their management. The State undertook to arbitrate in the Central strike some time ago, but it was without power to enforce its decisions. Railroads are owned and managed by private corporations. If men have a right to strike at all, they have just as much right, legally at all events, to tie up a railroad as any other private concern. The present feud is between private employers on the one hand and laborers on the other. However ridiculous the people's present position is, and however much the public may suffer, it has no right to interfere in the present dispute save to prevent disorder and protect life and property. It is a pity that we are in such a box.

This fact, and the present condition of the country, ought to demonstrate to the people of the United States, not that strikes ought to be violently repressed, but that the railroads and all other kinds of business in which the public is as dependent as it is upon the railroads should be owned by the people.

I am surprised that The Outlook, which has usually maintained some such position as the above, should, in the present crisis, have been betrayed into making such a statement as I have quoted.

F. P. W.

Doubtless the Government "has no right to interfere in the present dispute save to prevent disorder and protect life and property," if we include in that statement the right to prevent any conspiracy to obstruct the mail, and this is all that the Federal Government is attempting to do. You are mistaken, however, in thinking that the present law treats railroads as private property. It has been affirmed by the courts more than once that they are public highways and under a control which the Government has no right to exercise over purely private property.—THE EDITORS.

—

Law and Order Before Discussion

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As an old subscriber and a very warm friend of The Outlook, the writer feels constrained to express his most heartfelt thanks for the most admirable editorial in your last issue on the subject of the present great strike. Your well-known sympathy for the laboring men of this country, and the very high ground which you have always taken on all questions which have arisen between the representatives of labor and capital, gives added force to your brave words at this time.

I fully agree with you that this is no time to be discussing the merits of the strike or wasting time in discussing economic questions. When the authority of the United States is again recognized throughout the length and breadth of this Republic, it will be time enough to take up the consideration of matters which under ordinary circumstances are of great importance.

F. W. L.

—

Has Labor a Right to a Living Wage?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I desire to offer some criticism to your "Real Issue in the Strike." First, I desire to state that I am not a member of any "labor organization;" never have been. I think with quiet meditation on my little farm, away from strife and turmoil. I trust I may be able to view the case impartially. You talk about decrees, social systems, and bankruptcy. You fear the despotism of the American Railway Union; not one word have you said about the despotism of the Pullman Car Company. Would it not be well to review its history and present it to your readers? Let the verdict be given on the merits of the Pullman Company, now grown rich on the toil of its employees. Let me ask, Has the Pullman employee a right to demand living wages? has labor a right to say under what conditions its products shall be used? if not, who has? The Pullman employee has the God-given right to a living wage. You and I have no right in a "Pullman" until the labor of its manufacture has a living wage for its reward. The question of ability to pay for Pullman car service cuts no figure in the argument. You talk learnedly about the rights of the American people. I repeat, Labor must have a sufficient reward before the people have a right to use its products. Your Fourth of July oration is not calculated to harmonize the unhappy relations now existing between labor and capital. I have no sympathy with the deeds of violence at Chicago; it is deplorable. When labor gets its right reward such violence will not stain our country's history. Pullman and other millionaires are the mainsprings of anarchy.

I like The Outlook, and I hope that I shall be able to agree with it in the future.

A. C.

Argentine, Kan.

—

A Winter in San Remo

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Being ordered by my physician to winter on the Riviera, I sailed last fall in one of the German steamers for Genoa, whence I then went on to Mentone, my objective point. The day after my arrival I sallied forth in quest of a quiet *pension.* I had been told that France was the place of all others for good pensions; but, alas! after many weary hours I found I was searching, indeed, for the philosopher's stone. The French clergyman, a most polite old gentleman, who had been pastor there for twenty years, told me that pensions *had* existed, but that the hotels, of which the town is full, had quite taken their place. Mentone is beautiful, but the air seemed to me filled with the dying sighs of those who had come there to find health. It was most depressing to one already in delicate health to see so many sick ones, so I concluded to try Nice; but there were no quiet pensions at that world-renowned resort, and it rained all the time, being an unusual season. Quiet is not to be found there, and, owing to its proximity to Monte Carlo, it is filled with "all sorts and conditions of men." Cannes was too windy for delicate lungs, and I began to sympathize with Noah's dove, when an English lady whom I met suggested San Remo, a little town on the Italian Riviera. I had an indistinct recollection of having heard of the place, but that was all. I was desperate, however, so packed up my possessions and started again on my quest.

The journey between Nice and San Remo takes about three hours, the only unpleasant part being the examination of baggage at the frontier. The officers were very polite to me, however, and did not open any of my trunks when I assured them that I had no wines or cigars. I sometimes regret that I have not an American cigar—not to smoke: I am not yet quite "emancipated" enough for that—but just to recall the odor of a good one.

Of dear little San Remo, with its picturesque surroundings and fascinating shops, recollections crowd so thick upon me that I hardly know where to begin.

Here at last was the Riviera of my anticipations, and there, too, was the pension of my dreams. My room faced the Mediterranean. Where else does one find such tints, all colors at once, always changing, each time more beautiful than the last, some days like Cooper's "Glimmerglass," other days wild, stormy, and restless? And the sunsets! one must live in Italy to know the possibilities of a sunset. And the nights! when the moonlight, streaming across the water, made what always seemed to me a fairy pathway. Then the weeks of sunny, cloudless days, when even our English cousins forgot to carry their umbrellas! One must spend a winter there to know it all.

Three times a week there is music—good music—in the "Public Garden," which rich and poor alike enjoy. I wish we had such bright spots in the lives of our poor—some green places in the city, where the children could go and see what flowers and grass are like, and where poor, tired mothers might be filled with the joy of the music.

Then there is the "Promenade du Midi," a charming walk by the sea, where one can sit and dream and build those *châteaux en Espagne* which one has so little time for in the busy world. It must be the atmosphere, but one finds one's self walking more slowly, taking time to notice one's fellow-beings, realizing there is something else in the world besides the struggle after the "almighty dollar"—though I must confess its usefulness is just as great there as in our own country.

For those who love antiquity there is the "old town," with its cathedral, its old Gothic church, the market-place, the quaint houses, and narrow streets spanned by arches here and there to strengthen the buildings against earthquakes. They have them every thirty years, they say; the last one occurred three years ago, so I felt quite safe. The drives and walks about San Remo are beautiful, and the visits to the neighboring little villages full of interest, giving as they do a glimpse into a life so different to any we have known. The people are all pleasant, the poorest peasant woman one meets always saying "Buon giorno" with a smile.

As I have said, to realize all this one must go to that land of cool green olive groves, of flowers, of sunshine and music, where the birds never cease singing the year round, where all care is forgotten, where we can live close to the great mother of us all, and, if we listen, can hear her heart beat and learn many of her wondrous secrets.

L. W. L.

Aosta, Italy.

No fear of failure in making bread and cake if you use

Cleveland's Baking Powder

It always makes light, wholesome food.

"Pure" and "Sure."

—

The Connecticut Blue Laws

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I note on page 30 in your issue of the 7th inst., under heading of "The Connecticut Blue Laws," you say, in answer to your correspondent, that they "owe their origin to a certain Hugh Peters."

I think this a fresh evidence that "even respectable newspapers sometimes make mistakes," as you say in the beginning of the same article.

The first publication of the celebrated "Blue Laws" was in a book published in London, England, in 1781, entitled "A General History of Connecticut; by a Gentleman of the Province." The authorship was then attributed to, and afterward acknowledged by, the Rev. Samuel A. Peters, LL.D., who was known as "The Tory Parson." He was born in Hebron, Conn., 1735; graduated at Yale, 1757; ordained in England, 1759; rector of Episcopal church in his native town, 1760–1774, when he fled to England, returned to this country in 1806, died in New York City in 1826. His body rests in the churchyard in his native town.

B.

—

"Stupid" Children and Defective Vision

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The letter from "A Mother" in The Home, May 26, is very timely indeed, and it occurs to me that perhaps something further on defective vision in children and its relation to their mental development might be of interest to other mothers. You are correct when you say that "it is only beginning to dawn on the minds of parents" that there may be some "physical limitation" why this or that child may not be progressing in mental development as it should. It is the duty of parents to become familiar with the physical condition of their children; and in their inability to so familiarize themselves it is the duty of the teacher to supply the lack of knowledge; and it is the duty of the State to see that the teacher understands that part of her duty. A great many parents mourn because their little ones are compelled to wear glasses, but a mother's remark to me, after shedding a few tears because her daughter was compelled to wear them, is the philosophical way to look at it: "I am very glad my girls live at

The Past

Guarantees

The Future

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the present time, and can have the advantages that children of my time were deprived of." That daughter has not missed a day in school since she put on her glasses, while before she would remain at home two or three days every few weeks from sore eyes or headaches. Many a child is accused of being dull at school, and I doubt not many a fool's cap has been worn when a pair of glasses should have adorned the head, and the dullness would then have disappeared. Let me instance a case that I was called to see when in a Western city where competent oculists are scarce. I was calling on a physician friend when he asked me to see a little girl with sore eyes. She was very bright and intelligent-looking, but in school, the sister told me, she had been called a fool and an idiot by a senseless teacher because the child did not progress as she should. About once in two months she would be compelled to stay from school on account of the condition I found her in. The advice I gave was to cure up the acute attack and then apply the only true remedy that would be permanent—a correction of the error of refraction. A pair of glasses was prescribed, and six months later she reported no more sore eyes, and, better still, she was no more the dunce in school, but had very suddenly jumped to the head of her class; and she told me that the teacher did not whip her or call her a fool because of unlearned lessons. What a loss it would have been to that little girl had not chance, sooner or later, thrown her into one's way who could have recognized what the teacher herself should have recognized!

Another boy, nearer my home, where the intellectual surroundings are far better, could never take home to anxious parents a marking better than 70 per cent., but the very first one after having his glasses was 95 per cent.

Another child was so nervous and so inattentive in school that the teacher often took her to the principal in despair, saying she could do nothing with her. Finally word was sent to the parents that she was not making progress at all, and they had better take her from school. She was the same at home, never still, never sewing like other girls, and she never read a book. Fortunately, just at this time something called the mother's suspicion to defective vision, and she had the child's eyes examined. Such a transformation would be hard to imagine. No more trouble in school. The girl sews and reads with comfort. She could see well at a distance, but her accommodative power was used up in doing it, so that when she came to do close work it could not last more than a few moments. Continuous application was out of the question. The easiest way in which I can explain it to the lay mind is to say that the child is wearing constantly a pair of glasses so strong that any person of sixty-five years could read in them, yet a correct eye in a person at thirty-five could see nothing at a distance with them. Take some old person's glasses and see how much you can see across the sheet, and then think that the little girl could see everything through them as perfectly as you could without, and you will have some idea of her error of refraction.

Such examples I could multiply by the score. I would urge all parents to look carefully to their children's eyes when other causes are not apparent for their nervousness or backwardness in school.

Sometimes one hears people scolding because such young children are wearing glasses. We must remember, however, that the "world do move," and that a member of the British Parliament said, when the steam-engine was being tried, that if allowed to run across the country it would so frighten the cows that they would give no milk!

C. W. HAWLEY, M.D.

Chicago, Ill.

Clerical Nomenclature

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The writer of the article with the above caption in your issue of July 7 might have added the names of other clergymen whose cognomens were appropriate to their vocation.

The Rev. Ebenezer Devotion (one of my ancestors) was graduated at Harvard College in 1707; was settled as pastor of the church at Suffield, Conn., in 1710, and continued his pastorate until his death in 1741. His son, Ebenezer Devotion, D.D., was pastor of a church at New London, Conn., and in 1753 preached, by appointment, the annual "Election Sermon" before the Governor and State officers, which, by official order, was printed, and of which I have a copy.

I am tempted, in this connection, to quote the whimsical lines of Hood in his description of the christening of Miss Kilmansegg:

Though Shakespeare asks us, "What's in a name?"
(As if cognomens were much the same),
There's really a very great scope in it.
A name? Why, wasn't there Doctor Dodd,
That servant at once of Mammon and God,
Who found four thousand pounds and odd,
A prison, a cart, and a rope in it?

H. J. K

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Notes and Queries

Your comments on Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution" puzzle me. Are there two opposite laws in nature, individual and altruistic? Are they both expressed in the scientific formula, "Struggle for existence, survival of the fittest"? or are there two fields, the sensuous for the execution of competition and the supersensuous for co-operation? To which field does man belong, or which should we prefer?

R. H.

For answer see Henry Drummond's book, "The Ascent of Man," showing clearly that the struggle for the existence of others is as truly a law of life as the struggle for self-existence, and that co-operation has a scientific basis.

In The Outlook of June 23, p. 1157, under "A Protest," you say: "The Presbyterian Church of the United States is the only Church in the country that has put the padlock on its ministers' lips," etc., etc. "The Baptist Church has not done it." Then in The Outlook of June 30, p. 1206, under "Gleanings," you give a case of a Baptist minister convicted of heresy and his license revoked. How do you reconcile these two statements? X.

The whole Baptist denomination is not to be held responsible for the action of one Baptist Association.

In the third chapter of your "Life of Christ" I notice you speak of Mary's "other children." Do you mean by this that Jesus had brothers? or were they, as I have been told, his cousins, whom they called, in those days, brothers? And if they were his cousins, were they the nephews of Mary or of Joseph? S. B. F.

See first paragraph Notes and Queries, Outlook, July 7.

Can you propose, or refer me to, any form of christening and consecration of infants which can be used as a substitute for baptism, in the case of those who prefer the postponement of the latter until it can be intelligently and voluntarily received? I dislike to see the custom of infant baptism dying out, as it seems to be in my parish, without anything taking its place. YOUNG PASTOR.

We do not know of any such form of consecration.

In your June 23 number, on page 1163, I find an item on medical missions. As students in our college are looking forward to missionary work and are now making arrangements for the study of medicine, I am anxious to know more about the school. Does it provide for free tuition, for rooms or other accommodations at such rates as to make the course more nearly within the reach of the self-supporting student? If not, what special advantage does it give over other medical schools with large endowments? The article gave no light upon the special reason for the existence of this school. I assume that there is a reason, and will be glad for further information concerning the undertaking. C. G. B.

Pomona, Cal.

For such information please address the International Medical Missionary School, East Forty-fifth Street, New York.

Will you please give me the title and publisher of the best work on the questions now involved between capital and labor? I desire a fair and judicial discussion of the fundamental principles, such as would qualify a pastor to speak intelligently on the questions at issue.

PASTOR PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Read Ely's "Socialism and Social Reform" (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1.50). For further reading consult its appendix upon the literature of social reform.

Will you kindly tell me the address of Count Leo Tolstoï, and where he lives at present? D. D.

Moscow, Russia.

In Whittier's "Snow-Bound" the author, after mentioning the members of the household who were seated around the wide open fireplace, says:

"Another guest that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
. . . . . .
She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest."

Will The Outlook or some of its readers tell us who this "half-unwelcomed" was, and something of her history? H. D. S.

Who is the author of the almost universal prayer of children beginning:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep," etc.?

E. B. G.

In reply to "P. M. B." and "L. W. S.," I would like to call attention to an excellent "Astronomy for Beginners," by Francis Fellowes, published by John Wiley & Sons, 15 Astor Place, New York.

E. B. F.

The verses, slightly misquoted by "H. B." in The Outlook of July 7, should read:

"All forms that perish, other forms supply;
By turns they catch the vital breath, and die;
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return."

They are from Pope's "Essay on Man," Epistle 3d, beginning at verse 17th. M. A. H.

Can you give me information in relation to colored singers from Southern colleges? I want as many addresses as possible, that they may be reached by letter. W. F. P.

Who is the author of the following lines:

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven"?

F. L. A.

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Fundenberg, Elizabeth H. First Lessons in Reading. 50 cts.

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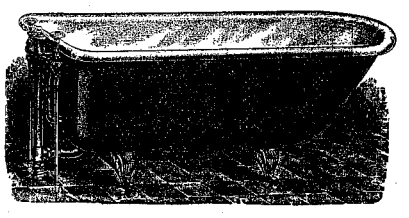

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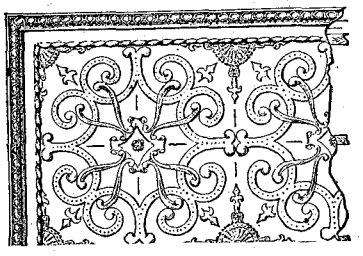

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The rule of the Dead-Letter Office is to make extraordinary effort to return all missent letters which are found to contain money. But blind obedience to this rule is the basis of an entertaining story. A boy in the Indian school on the Skokomish reservation, which is about three miles from the post-office of Union City, State of Washington, wrote a letter to his brother at Seaback some time ago, inclosing in it a small sum of money. He also wrote on the envelope that if it should not be delivered in proper time it was to be returned to the writer. His brother did not call for it, and it was returned to Union City. The postmaster there had not heard of the boy, and on inquiry failed to find him. Accordingly he sent the letter to the Dead-Letter Office. On arrival here it was opened, and, it having money in it, it was returned to Union City with a long letter of instructions to find the writer if possible. After inquiry the boy was at last found, and was requested to go in person, claim the letter and receipt for it, and the postmaster had to go through as much red tape as if the letter had contained $1,000. The joke becomes evident when it is known that the money in the letter amounted to only a one-cent postage-stamp and a copper cent.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Scotch Epitaphs

Scotland is the home of obituary poetry. Here is the inscription on the tombstone of the Rev. Michael McCulloch Borthwell:

There lies beneath this sod
That sycophantish man of God,
Who taught an easy way to heaven,
Which to the rich are always given.
If he gets in, he'll look and stare
To find some out that he put there.

Another clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Blair, of Coldstream, is immortalized as follows:

Here lies the Reverend Thomas Blair,
A man of worth and merit,
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So preached Tammy Blair.

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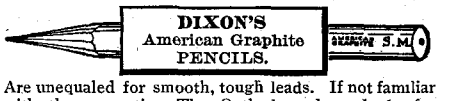

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About People

—The Kings of Denmark, Sweden, and Greece have grandsons, but Queen Victoria is the only one of European sovereigns who has a great-grandson in the direct line of succession.

—Mr. Amos Parker Wilder, a well-known journalist of New York City, formerly an editorial writer on the "Mail and Express" and the "Commercial Advertiser," has become editor-in-chief of the "Wisconsin State Journal," published at Madison, Wisconsin. One of Mr. Wilder's associates in the ownership of the paper is Mr. H. A. Clark, who is spoken of as a probable Republican candidate for Governor.

—That doughty editor of the London "Truth," Mr. Henry Labouchere, has had a more picturesque life than is generally supposed. After a premature departure from college he traveled for some time, and, while in Mexico, went from place to place with a wandering circus company. His business was to stand at the tent door and count the ears of corn or the oranges which the natives proffered for admission. As a complete contrast, he next went due north until he came to the then frontier settlement of St. Paul, where he joined a band of Indians and spent six months with them. His father, who probably did not relish all this, now obtained an appointment for his son in the diplomatic service, and the young man was gazetted to the legation at Washington. After serving there a while he was transferred to the Continent.

—Before emigrating to Chicago from western New York, Mr. George M. Pullman had ridden from Buffalo to Westfield in one of the miserably uncomfortable coaches then used for night travel, and he made up his mind then and there that the man who could supply a real sleeping-car would not only enrich himself, but would also be a benefactor to mankind. So when he reached the Windy City he hired a shop and men, and tried to realize some of the improvements he had thought out. The greatest difficulty was to persuade railway people to give him a chance. Finally, the Chicago and Alton Company allowed him to remodel two old day-coaches; and in 1863, he built for them the first Pullman car. Fifteen years ago h bought some thirty-five hundred acres of land on the shores of Lake Calumet, near Chicago. To-day the site is covered by the town of Pullman, which includes, of course, the great palace-car building-shops.

—Mr. Charles DeKay, whom President Cleveland has appointed to succeed the late William Hayden Edwards in the Berlin consulship, is a man of athletic build and as much a lover of outdoor sports as he is of archæology and art. Since 1876 Mr. DeKay has been on the staff of the New York "Times" as editorial writer, literary critic, and art critic, and has also contributed articles to our best magazines. He is somewhat of a club-founder, the Fencers' and the Authors' Clubs, as well as the Sculpture Society, being due to his initiative. He has translated a considerable portion of the Nibelungen Sagas into English, and has written four books of poems—namely, "The Vision of Nimrod," "The Vision of Esther," "Hesperus," and "The Love-Poems of Louis Barnaval." He has also put forth a story, "The Bohemian," and a biography, "The Life and Work of Antoine Louis Barye." Mr. DeKay, who was born in 1848 and is a Yale graduate, is a grandson of the poet Joseph Rodman Drake.

—A Paris paper states that the relatives of Napoleon Bonaparte still living in Europe are as follows: Lucien Napoleon, Prince of Canino, and better known under the name of Cardinal Bonaparte, grandson of Lucien, Napoleon's brother; Princess Gabrielle del Drago; Prince Napoleon Charles, with his two daughters, Marie, the wife of Lieutenant Gotti, of the Italian army, and Eugénie, born in 1872; Roland Napoleon, who has one daughter; and Princess Jeanne, Marquise de Villeneuve. Of the descendants of Jérôme, another brother of Napoleon I., there are the Princes Louis and Victor, and Princess Lætitia, Duchess of Aosta, children of Prince Napoleon ("Plon-Plon"), who died at Rome, March 19, 1891. Finally, the living descendants of Caroline, Napoleon's sister and Murat's wife, are Countesses Gaddi, Taveggi, and Matecci-Garini, grandnieces of Napoleon I., his great-grandniece, and Prince Pontecorvo, his great-grandnephew. How about Princess Mathilde, whose *salon* has long been the greatest Bonapartist trysting-place in Paris?

—Passing a picture-shop in Frankfort recently, the actress, Eleanora Duse, noticed in the window a work by Adolf Menzel, the greatest historical painter in Germany. She immediately entered the shop, and finally bought, not only this, but other pictures by Menzel, carrying them all away with her in her carriage. Only a few moments after she had driven off, Menzel himself stopped at the place. When told of Duse's fancy for his work, the octogenarian was greatly pleased, in spite of his well-known reputation as a woman-hater, and actually mumbled something about the Italian actress's being rather of a genius in her way. The proprietor of the place told an influential friend of what had happened, and the friend asked both Duse and Menzel to dinner. They came, and seemed to enjoy each other's society vastly. At parting Duse seized the old man's hand and tried to raise it to her lips. Menzel struggled a moment to pull it back, but of a sudden his long-dormant gallantry reasserted itself, and, bowing his head, he kissed Duse's hand. Then he fled, after having given the only kiss he was ever known to bestow. German admirers say that this is Duse's last and greatest triumph.

The Art of Music

The Shah of Persia, when visiting the late Emperor of Germany some years ago, was taken to the opera, and during the course of the performance was asked how he liked the music. He confessed that the majority of it was pretty crude, but that one piece the orchestra had just been playing was simply superb. The Emperor at once gave orders for the repetition of the piece.

"No," said the Shah; "that's not it."

Another one was played. "No," returned the royal visitor; "it's not that, either."

Presently the orchestra began to tune their instruments.

"That's it," cried the Shah, enthusiastically. "That's the piece I was trying to tell you about!"

So, for the edification of this barbaric ruler, and the anguish of the rest of the audience, the orchestra tuned, and untuned, and retuned their instruments in the most heartrending fashion, and the Shah leaned back in his chair, while his face wore a look of unspeakable enjoyment.—*Home and Country Magazine.*

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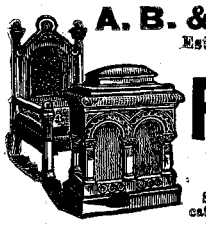

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The Business World

The Financial Situation In spite of the recent riots at Chicago, returning confidence in the market for securities was greatly increased last week by the vigorous proclamations of the President, by the consequent defeat of mob rule, by the repudiation of what Mr. Depew aptly calls "Debsomania," by the tardy but unequivocal action of the Senate in approving Mr. Cleveland's course, by the reported progress of the Tariff Bill in committee, and by the prospect of Treasury improvement. Figures are more eloquent than words as to the market's underlying strength in general and as to Chicago's railway properties in particular. There was an advance in stock quotations of over a point each in Chicago and Northwestern to 105; Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis to 36; Missouri Pacific to 27; Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha to 36½; and New York Central to 97½. Stocks advancing two or more points each were: Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific to 68; Louisville and Nashville to 46; Lake Shore to 130; Delaware and Hudson to 130; and Lackawanna to 164. But the greatest and most significant rise of all was in Pullman itself—namely, five points to 160.

The Money Market The weekly statement of the New York City banks shows a decrease in loans of over a million dollars. This is not at all surprising as one of the results of the strike and its consequent railway blockade. Actual cash resources—gold and greenbacks—held by the banks are over two millions higher than a week ago. Deposits have increased nearly a million. The result of all these changes was a gain in the surplus reserve, and it now stands at nearly $74,000,000. Money on call continues at 1 per cent. Time loans are at 1 per cent. for thirty days, 1½ per cent. for sixty, 2 per cent. for ninety days to four months, 2½ per cent. for five months, and 3 per cent. for longer periods. The inquiry is light. Mercantile paper quotations are 3 per cent. for sixty to ninety day bills receivable, 3 to 3½ per cent. for commission-house names four months to run, 3½ to 4 per cent. for prime four to six months' single names, and 4½ to 5½ per cent. for others. The interruption in the movement of freight from Chicago to the seaboard of course influenced the foreign exchange market, but rates are now the same as a week ago. Only $600,000 gold was exported. Our total net gold export since January 1 reaches nearly $61,000,000.

The German-Italian Bank Leading banking firms of Germany have been subscribing to the necessary capital of the new German-Italian Bank. The headquarters will be in Milan and Berlin, with offices in Rome, Turin, Genoa, Leghorn, Florence, and Naples. The bank will deposit gold in the Banca Italia, and against this deposit will issue an equal quantity of notes. In consequence of these preparations the shares of the Berlin Disconto-Gesellschaft and other institutions have risen somewhat. The new bank will, of course, defend Italian interests against the unceasing attacks of the Paris Bourse. This may be political financiering, but German capitalists think that Italian resources may be revived to their profit, while Italians themselves trust that some turning-point for the better has come to their fevered finances.

New York City Realty During the past fortnight a somewhat interesting sale has broken the summer monotony of the real-estate market in New York City. It was that of the purchase by the Pennsylvania Railway Company of the remaining portion of the Hudson River pier property near Morris Street. This gives the ownership of piers 3, 4, and 5 to the Company. It will not be forgotten that the Pennsylvania people are in league with the Long Island Company in the scheme of building a railway tunnel from Jersey City under the Hudson, the lower end of New York City, and the East River to the Long Island's Atlantic Avenue terminus in Brooklyn. For 1894 the assessed valuation of real estate in New York City was made about $1,613,000,000, an increase of more than $50,000,000 over last year; this despite the protest of some who ought to know and who say that during the past twelvemonth land values have declined like everything else, as witness the record of the half-year just past, during which sales have fallen off 40 per cent., mortgages 17 per cent., and deeds filed about 14 per cent. True, the Commissioners announce a lower tax-rate. That will help some taxpayers, but not others, for, on account of the increase in assessment, the taxes will amount to about the same as last year. As proving the permanent value of investments in Manhattan Island property, it is interesting to note that in 1805 the total assessed valuation of New York City realty was about $25,000,000. In eighty-nine years there has thus been an increase in value of over a billion and a half.

Our Wheat and the Argentine's Though the half-year shows that we have exported nearly 62,000,000 bushels of corn, compared with but 36,000,000 for the corresponding time last year, our wheat and flour export has been but 165,000,000 bushels against 191,000,000 bushels a year ago. One reason for this has been in the increased wheat competition from other countries, notably from the Argentine Republic. Finances there have forced the sale of wheat at lowest figures. It is even reported that, on account of a shortage of $3,000,000, orders have been issued to close the six remaining provincial banks operating under the national guarantee law of emission. There is thus a pretty state of things in the Republic, with the grain losses through drought, the many failures because of the present low prices of produce in America and Europe, the necessary and very large remittances which have to be made to Europe by the railway and industrial corporations, a gold premium which has been over 300 per cent., and of course the worth of the paper dollar at only a fraction of its nominal value, the repudiation by the Government of its agreement for paper currency reduction, and now—to cap the climax—the fear of a Radical revolt in the province of Santa Fé. The Government is getting itself into much trouble by unfair dealings with the guaranteed railways, and in London the situation is regarded as a practical debt-repudiation. The Government's attempt to borrow $5,000,000 in Lombard Street has, happily, not been successful. No wonder, then, that wheat has been exported from Buenos Ayres at bottom prices, and that we are feeling the competition. From January 1 to July 1, 1894, Argentine wheat exports are reported at 32,000,000 bushels, as compared with half that amount last year and a sixth two years ago. Not only is this South American republic hampering us in the European markets, but we are allowing Europe to enjoy twenty times as much trade with that country as we have. The average of our exports to the Argentine keeps at about $5,000,000 a year, while the exports of European merchandise thither amount to $100,000,000.

Natural Gas The United States Geological Survey has reported that the total value of natural gas consumed in 1893 was something over $14,000,000, being half a million less than in 1892. This emphasizes the general decline in the use of gas which has taken place since 1888, when the amount was over $8,000,000 more than last year's consumption. Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana have the largest natural gas fields, in the latter State the area being about 2,500 square miles. Gas is also found in commercial quantities in California, Kentucky, New York, West Virginia, Tennessee, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, South Dakota, and Wisconsin. In this connection it is interesting to note that everywhere, but especially in Pennsylvania and Ohio, there seems to be a decline in the value of wood and coal. These commodities have been largely and advantageously displaced by the use of gas. In 1888 Pennsylvania produced seven-eighths of all the natural gas, but now the production of that State is but one-third of its former amount, beside which other fields, notably those in Indiana, have increased their production. In the latter State the use of natural gas for manufacturing purposes has also increased. Ohio's production is greatly lessened, but not so much as that of Pennsylvania.

The Bessemer Steel Invention Mr. Bessemer, the inventor of the well-known steel process, has made about ten million dollars out of the undertaking, but his contribution to the world in saving is enormous. Mr. Abram S. Hewitt estimates that in this country alone, as applied to every branch of industry, particularly to transportation, the Bessemer steel invention saves us a billion dollars a year, while, taking the world together, the saving effected is greater than the total value of all the movable capital of the world a century ago.

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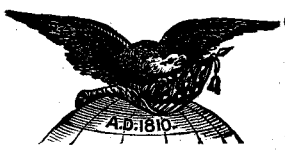

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Bits of Fun

Lawyer—It is true that my client called the plaintiff an ox; but, considering the present high price of beef, I do not consider that a very great insult.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

On the Verge.—Her Mother—Did young Mr. Faynthart propose last night, Dorothea? She—No, but he acted awfully scared throughout the evening.—*Chicago Record.*

"Dah ain' much practical use," said Uncle Eben, "in de kind of penitence dat comes atter a man's done et de chicken whut he gathered de night befoh."—*Washington Star.*

"Hit am er fack," said Uncle Eben, "dat it ain' no use ter worry. But hit am jes' ez much er fack dat hit ain' no use ter tell er man dat it ain' no use ter worry."—*Washington Star.*

Mamma—Now, Bobby, say your prayers. Bobby (after the usual "Now I lay me")—And please, God, make me a good boy, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again.—*Puck.*

Painting Instructor—Ze young lady puts ze paint on too thick. Mrs. Newrich—Oh, never mind that, Professor. Her father's got enough money to buy barrels of it if she wants it!—*Puck.*

New Arrival—Begorry, phwat's thot? Park Policeman—Obelisk. New Arrival (to himself)—Oi niver heard of O'Belisk; but judgin' from his gravestone he must av been hoigh up in Tammany Hahl.—*Puck.*

"And your Senate, what does it do?" asked the intelligent Hindu. "The Senate," said the man who was showing him around, "is something like your Nirvana. It doesn't do. It merely is."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

New arrival (to subdued-looking man in the hotel office)—You are the clerk of this hotel, I suppose, sir? Subdued-Looking Man—Oh, you flatter me, sir! I am only the proprietor!—*Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.*

Willis—When my wife makes me a present, it is sure to be something that will last. Wallace—My wife is just like her. Five years ago she made me a present of one hundred cigars, and I have ninety-nine of them yet.—*Life.*

"Yoh kain't allus depen' on whut yoh hyeah," said Uncle Eben. "'Tain't necessarily de young man dat shoots off de mos' fiah-crackahs on de Fourf ob July dat 'ud be de fus' ter enlis' ef wah broke out."—*Washington Star.*

Teacher (to boy whose father keeps a corner grocery)—Johnny, if your father has a hundred eggs, and twenty of them are bad, how many of them does he lose? Johnny—He doesn't lose any of them. He sells the bad ones to the restaurant-keeper.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Are you going to employ the rain-makers in this neighborhood?" asked the visitor from the East. "No," said the western Kansas farmer. "Everybody round here is too blamed stingy to subscribe anything. I guess we'll have to call a meetin' and pray for rain."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Miss Vassar (innocently)—Who won? Mr. Crimson (gloomily)—Yale. Miss Vassar (encouragingly)—But Harvard won at baseball, didn't she? Mr. Crimson (morosely)—No, Yale won. Miss Vassar (consolingly)—At football, then? Mr. Crimson (blackly)—No. Miss Vassar (sympathetically)—But surely you won at something? Mr. Crimson (with a groan)—Yes, at chess. Miss Vassar (brightly) Let's form a dual league between Vassar and Harvard.—*New York Tribune.*

Not Classical, but Apt

"In ante-bellum days," said an Alabama politician, "it used to be the fashion for two political aspirants for the same office to stump their districts together, each one doing his best to win the popular vote. I remember on one occasion the rival candidates in an Alabama district were men of about equal natural ability, but the educational advantages of Mr. B. had been very much better than those of Mr. C. On the day of which I am speaking Mr. B had embellished his speech with sundry classical allusions. Among others he spoke of the devotion of Curtius to his country. Mr. C., who was one of the most eager listeners, whispered to a friend, 'Who is this fellow Curtis that he's talking about?' 'If you had read your Roman history,' was the reply, 'you would know that Curtius threw himself into the gulf in the Forum for the safety of Rome.' Mr. C. was not a classical scholar, but he had wit enough to make good use of a hint. When in his speech the time came to make a telling thrust, he exclaimed, 'My friend speaks of Curtius; he threw himself into a gulf to save his country, but here is a man who would throw his country into the gulf to save himself!'"—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Daudet's Habits of Work

In an article entitled "Alphonse Daudet at Home," in "McClure's Magazine," we are told from M. Daudet's own lips his ways of working:

"My way of working is irregularity itself. Sometimes I work for eighteen hours a day, and day after day. At other times I pass months without touching a pen. I write very slowly, and revise and revise. I am never satisfied with my work. My novels I always write myself. I never could dictate a novel. As to my plays, I used formerly to dictate them. That was when I could walk. I had a certain talent in my legs. Since my illness I have had to abandon that mode of work, and I regret it. I am an improvisator, and in this respect differ from Zola. I am now writing a novel about youth, called 'Soutien de Famille,' and these note-books of mine will show you my way of work. This is the first book. It contains, as you see, nothing but notes and suggestions. The passages which are scratched out with red or blue pencil are passages of which I have already made use. This is the second stage. You see only one page is written upon, the opposite one being left blank. Opposite each first composition I write the amended copy. The page on the right is the improved copy of the page on the left. After that I shall rewrite the whole. So that, leaving the notes out of consideration, I write each manuscript three times running, and, if I could, would write it as many times more; for, as I have said, I am never satisfied with my work.

"I am a feverish and spasmodic worker, but when in the mood can work very hard. When the fit is upon me, I allow nothing to interrupt me, not even leaving my writing-table for meals. I have my food brought to my desk, eat hurriedly, and set to work before digestion begins. Thus I anticipate the drowsiness that digestion always brings with it, and escape its consequences. Now that I am ill, however, I do not often have those periods of splendid energy. I now produce only very slowly."

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